# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 29 No. 2

DECEMBER, 1925

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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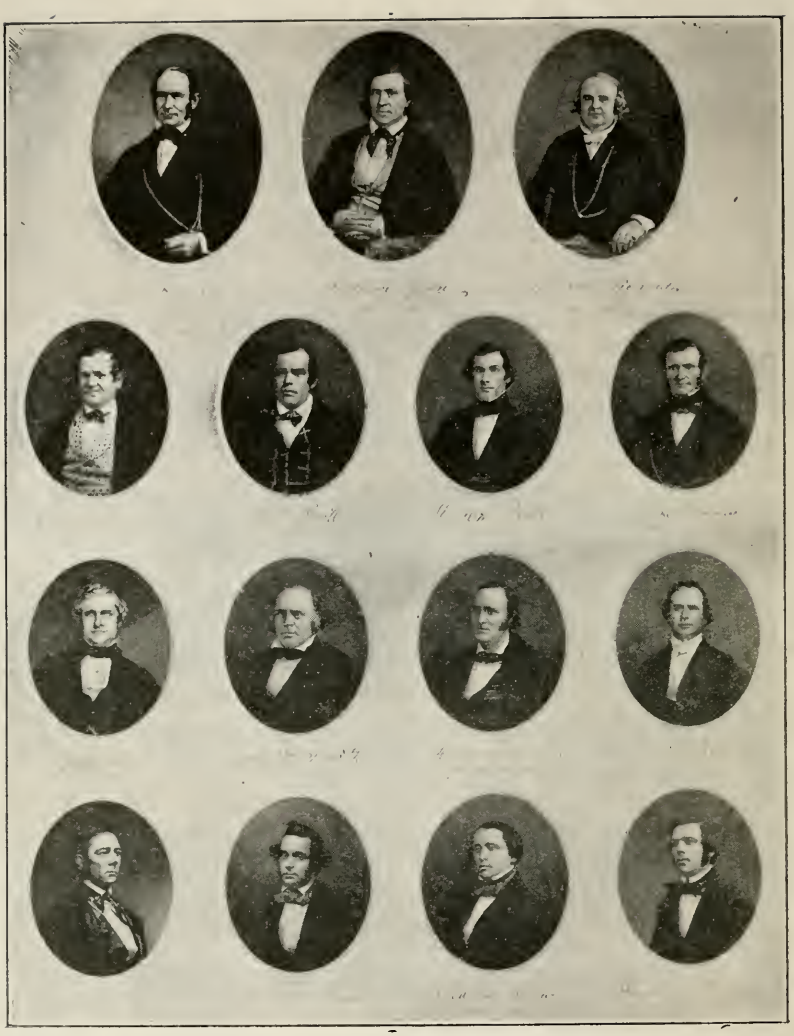
# DECEMBER SNOWS

Oh! give me the kiss of a snowflake,
Just a kiss to alight on my lip!
    Ah! cold though it feels
    What a joy it reveals
As the tang of the winter I sip;
And I'll watch as the snowflakes are shifting,
    And gyrating softly around;
I'll list to their rustle and drifting,
    Their rustle and drift o'er the ground;
    Flocking and winging,
    Joyously bringing
Crystalline clusters that form,
To brighten the days of December,
To clothe the brown fields of December,
And bring me the vision of Winter's white charm,
Laid on the mountain, the forest and farm,
In the soft fleece so caressing and warm,
Keeping the plant-life safe hidden from harm,
'Neath the white fleecy robes of December.

Oh! give me the kiss of a snowflake,
Just a kiss to alight on my cheek!
    Now whirling they come
    To my loved forest home
While the tang of the winter I seek.
And ever as down they are gliding,
So softly and gently all day,
A spirit above ever guiding
Adown the long crystal-white way,
    Ever more ranging,
    Pluming and changing,—
I watch how the clusters are whirled
For the frost-jeweled sheen of December,
For the moon-lighted sparkling December,
Where in glistening robes, all the landscape, impearled,
Lies a wonder in white, all inscarfed and infurled;
And I'll look out tonight at a glorious world,
With the trees, vines, and bushes all laden and curled
'Neath the white fleecy robes of December.

*Albuquerque, N. M.* JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE TWELVE APOSTLES IN 1853

This plate was dedicated to President Brigham Young and the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was published by Elder Samuel W. Richards and M. Cannon in Liverpool, England, January 1, 1853. It is a remarkable and interesting group of photographs, and is as far as known the very earliest ever taken of the combined membership of the Twelve and the First Presidency. Presumably the daguerreotypes were made in Salt Lake City in 1852 by M. Cannon and forwarded to Samuel W. Richards, at that time presiding over the European mission.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX DECEMBER, 1925 No. 2

## BRIGHAM YOUNG IN NAUVOO

### Up to the Death of the Prophet Joseph Smith—Age 40

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

Summer, 1841

Arriving in Nauvoo from England, Brigham at once became active in the affairs of the Church. The labor that he loved was "building up the Kingdom" as he so often expressed it, in later years. It was only in spare time when the Church did not demand him, that he looked after his personal affairs. The prophet was no doubt aware of the sacrifices he had made, for I find this entry made in Brigham's journal, nine days after he arrived home:

"President Smith called on me at my house, when he received the following revelation: 'Dear and well-beloved brother, Brigham Young, verily thus saith the Lord unto you: My servant Brigham, it is no more required at your hand to leave your family as in times past, for your offering is acceptable to me. I have seen your labor and toil in journeying for my name. I therefore command you to send my word abroad, and take special care of your family from this time, henceforth and forever. Amen'." (Doc and Cov. 126.)

The permission to devote some time to his family was no doubt very welcome to him. During his absence in England his family had managed somehow with temporary shelter, and on his arrival home he found them in very uncomfortable circumstances.

He relates:

"On my return from England I found my family living in a small unfinished log-cabin, situated on a low, wet lot, so swampy that when the first attempt was made to plow it the oxen mired; but after the city was drained it became a valuable garden spot. And again, although I had to spend the principal part of my time at the call of brother Joseph in the service of the Church, the portion of time left me I spent in draining, fencing and cultivating my lot, building a temporary shed for my cow,

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chinking and otherwise furnishing my house, and as the ground was too damp to admit of a cellar underground, I built one with two brick walls about four or six inches apart arched over with brick. Frost never penetrated it, although in summer articles would mildew in it." (Ms. 26:88.)

On the 15th of August, Brigham was in attendance at a conference held in the settlement of Zarahemla. The next day he presided at a special conference in Nauvoo. It was at this latter that the Prophet Joseph inaugurated a new order of Church government which moved Brigham a little closer towards the important position he was to occupy within a few years. The prophet said that,

"The time had come when the Twelve should be called upon to stand in their place next to the First Presidency and attend to the settling of emigrants and the business of the Church at the stakes, and assist to bear off the Kingdom victorious to the nations; and as they had been faithful and had borne the burden in the heat of the day, that it was right that they should have an opportunity of providing something for themselves and families." (*Church History*, Vol. 4:403.)

Brigham, as President of the Twelve, now stood next to the First Presidency. In this capacity he was as usual extremely energetic. Under date of October 2, 1841, at Nauvoo, he records the following in his journal:

"I attended conference; much valuable instruction was given by the President, Joseph Smith.

"I addressed the conference with regard to the appointment of suitable missionaries, and in regard to the importance of teaching abroad the first principles of the gospel, and letting alone those principles they did not understand; also on the propriety of many of the elders remaining at home, and working on the Lord's House, and the necessity of more liberal consecrations and more energetic efforts to forward the work of building the temple and Nauvoo House. The congregation was immense, and the greatest unanimity prevailed." (Ms. 26:104.)

And again, under the date of November 8:

"I attended the dedication of the baptismal font in the Lord's House; President Smith called upon me to offer the dedicatory prayer. This is the first font erected and dedicated for the baptism for the dead in this dispensation." (Ms. 26:104.)

Almost daily Brigham was in contact with the Prophet Joseph, whom he loved more than any other man, and whom he looked to constantly for guidance and inspiration. Here are two brief mentions of this association from his journal:

"Nov. 28, 1841.—Brother Joseph and the Twelve spent the day in council at my house."

"Nov. 30.—Met in council with Joseph and the Twelve at my house, in relation to the *Times and Seasons*."

As the year 1841 drew to a close in Nauvoo, the white blanket of winter was spread over the land. Peace and prosperity reigned among the Saints. Verily the Kingdom was advancing and being built up, due to the noble, unselfish and splendid efforts of its leaders and members, not the least of whom was Brigham Young.

Christmas day was no doubt a time of rejoicing in Brigham's home. It was a humble little home, but he was there to enjoy the day with his wife and children, the first Christmas he had had with them in nearly three years. That he was also enjoying the society of his brethren is evident from the following: "I partook of a Christmas supper with the Twelve at Brother Hiram Kimball's."

## 1842

Brigham's activities during 1842 were confined almost entirely to Nauvoo and the surrounding branches of the Church, with the exception of one short missionary trip he made in September, and which took him as far as Springfield, Ill. But he was extremely active at home. His duties as President of the Twelve kept him almost constantly engaged in Church work, and by Church work is meant, in this instance, supervision and regulation of all the activities of the Saints. Next to Joseph the burden of "building up the kingdom," was upon the shoulders of Brigham.

During January, February and March, Brigham was in daily conference with the Prophet and the Twelve regarding a variety of subjects. He bought the printing office of the *Times and Seasons* from Ebenezer Robinson, "at an exhorbitant price." He went to Zarahemla and discontinued the stake organization there by order of the Prophet Joseph.

Under date of February 21, he says,

> "I wrote a letter calling upon the churches to forward their tithings and donations to the Trustee-in-Trust, that the Temple may go on, and the new translation of the Bible." (Ms. 26:119.)

Also, he was a member of the Nauvoo city council, which occupied a great part of his time and attention.

Now, considering the above it is interesting to learn that Brigham received no money nor material compensation for all his labors. He had to provide food and clothing for himself and family by the work he could do in his spare hours when the Church did not require him. I recall at this point a sermon delivered in Salt Lake City, August 31, 1856, in which he said:

> "I came into this Church in the spring of 1832. Previous to my being baptized I took a mission to Canada at my own expense; and from the time that I was baptized until the day of our sorrow and affliction at the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, no summer passed over my head but what I was traveling and preaching, and the only thing I ever received from the Church, during over twelve years, and the only means that were ever given me by the Prophet, that I now recollect, was in 1842, when brother Joseph sent me the half of a small pig that the brethren had brought to him."

That was the kind of service Brigham Young gave to the Church in its early struggling days, and his reward was—that he had the opportunity to do the work. For work there was to do in great abundance, but the money to do it with was scarce, and no one

entertained any thought of being rewarded in money for what he could do to assist the growing kingdom.

At this point I desire to include a short description of Nauvoo, taken from the August number of the *Millennial Star*, 1842, as it

Above, View of Nauvoo, looking south from the temple site; below, Residence of Brigham Young, Nauvoo

well describes the scenes of Brigham's labors during the time of which I write:

"Nauvoo has, in the short space of three years, become one of the largest towns in the West, containing within its corporation, something like 10,000 inhabitants, while many thousands more are settled and are improving the country around, and hundreds and thousands more are arriving almost daily, as emigrants, from various states and nations. It is more than probable that in the course of twelve months this city will number from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. The buildings are mostly temporary cabins, built of wood, and are very small, unfinished, and inconvenient; but they are such as are generally erected in the beginning of new settlements in every part of the country, and will soon give place to those of brick and stone. Indeed, several brick buildings are already erected, and hundreds of others are in process of erection. The temple, which is now in progress, is built entirely of stone. It is designed to be about 128 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 150

feet high to the top of the spire. The Nauvoo House is a building of stone and brick; it is designed about 240 feet in length, fronting on two streets in form of an 'L'; forty feet deep and four stories high. This is designed as an hotel, or home for travelers and strangers. The streets are regularly laid out from north to south, and from east to west; they are broad and pleasant, but not yet paved." (Ms., Vol. III:67.)

So much for Nauvoo, the "City of the Saints," situated on a beautiful bend of the Mississippi river, about two hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis, which, until the settlement of the Saints there in 1839, was considered nothing more than prairie.

Under date of May 4, 1842, Brigham records in his journal,

"I met with Joseph, Hyrum, Heber, Willard, Bishops Whitney and Miller, and Gen. James Adams in Joseph's private office, where Joseph taught the ancient order of things for the first time in these last days, and received my washings anointings and endowments." (Ms. 26:134.)

Again, on the 18th:

"I was appointed in connection with brothers H. C. Kimball, Hyrum Smith and Geo. A. Smith, as a committee to wait upon the immigrants, and give them counsel and aid in procuring them places on which to settle."

On the 26th, (Sunday) at Nauvoo,

"I addressed the Saints on the principle of union in building up the city, and sustaining the poor by providing labor for them. Six p. m. I attended council at brother Joseph's, to take intc consideration the situation of the pine country and lumbering business, and other subjects of importance to the Church; after which we spent a season in prayer, that the Lord would deliver us from the power of our enemies, and provide means for us to build houses, as he had commanded his people." (Ms. 26:135.)

The Church in those days never seemed to be without its serious trouble and the summer of 1842 was darkened by the apostasy of John C. Bennett, mayor of Nauvoo, and one who stood high in the councils of the Church. Never did a more bitter and vindictive enemy turn loose calumny and vituperation upon an innocent people. He went about writing for newspapers, lecturing and effectively poisoning the public mind against the Prophet and the people. His book, *Mormonism Exposed,* I regard as the bitterest attack ever made against the Church, even to this day.

The brethren were so aroused in Nauvoo that they had to bend their entire activities to offset Bennett's tirade of abuse. Brigham was there, ready to defend the Church with all the power that was in him. I will here copy a considerable amount from his journal to show with what zeal he labored. Beginning under date of August 26, 1842:

"Met in the evening in Council with the Prophet Joseph and some of the Twelve. We received much good instruction and counsel from Joseph, relative to the situation of the Church, and the policy to be pursued in sending many Elders through the States to preach the Gospel and disabuse the public mind in relation to the false statements of Dr. J. C. Bennett.

"The Prophet also directed us to call a special conference on Monday next, and nominate the Elders to go on this important mission, and give them their instructions;

and that we should also get the affidavits against Dr. Bennett published, so that the Elders might have authentic and strong testimony to lay before the public in relation to those matters.

"27.—Engaged with brother Joseph and others, preparing affidavits for the press.

"29.—Conference convened. Presidents Joseph and Hyrum Smith addressed the Saints; 380 Elders volunteered to go immediately on the contemplated mission.

"September 6.—With Elders Kimball and Lyman, I called upon the Prophet to counsel concerning our mission to the branches and people in the states.

"9.—I attended City Council, and gave in my notification of absence, and started on my mission and went to Lima.

"10.—I preached in Lima. Here brothers H. C. Kimball, George A. Smith, and Amasa Lyman overtook us. We remained over Sunday, the 11th, and preached to a large congregation at the Grove, in Lima, and showed the falsity of Bennett's statements. We ordained 19 Elders and baptized 12.

"17 and 18.—Elders Kimball, Smith, Lyman and myself held a Conference at Quincy, in the Court House. We exposed the course of Bennett and the mobocrats, and disabused the public mind, to some extent, of the prejudices recently imbibed. Governor Carlin attended one meeting.

"24 and 25.—Attended Conference at Payson; Elder Kimball and myself preached.

"I endeavored to get the affidavits against Dr. J. C. Bennett inserted in the *Whig* and *Herald*, at Quincy, but they refused to print them on any terms. I returned to Nauvoo, and had a number of them struck off as hand-bills for circulation.

"I proceeded to Atlas, and found Elder Kimball. We preached in Col. Ross' brick house.

"October 8 and 9.—Attended conference at Pittsfield. Elders Kimball, Smith, Lyman and myself preached. We proceeded to Glasgow, and held a two-day's meeting. I sharply reproved Elder Howard Smith, the presiding elder, for his indolence and folly. He attempted to instruct me how to preach, in a foolish braggadocia manner.

"15 and 16.—We attended conference at Apple creek. Elders Kimball, Smith, Lyman and myself preached. Brother Kimball and I staid at Esq. Walker's.

"Elder Kimball and I went to Jacksonville, and preached. We proceeded to Springfield, and preached. From thence we returned to Jacksonville, and attended a two-day's meeting in the Court House, which Elders George A. Smith and Amasa Lyman also attended. We went to Morgan City, and held a two day's meeting; staid with brother Augustus Farnham. Nearly all these Conferences and meetings were numerously attended. We continued preaching from place to place until,

"November 4, when I returned to Nauvoo with Elder Kimball." (Ms. 26:151-152.)

This strenuous compaign undertaken by the brethern to offset the bitter attacks of Bennett undoubtedly proved too much for Brigham's health for I find this in his journal under date of November 26, a few weeks after his return home,

"I was suddenly attacked with a slight fit of apoplexy. Next morning I felt quite comfortable; but in the evening, at the same hour that I had the fit the day before, I was attacked with the most violent fever I ever experienced. The Prophet Joseph and Elder Willard Richards visited and administered unto me; the Prophet prophesied that I should live and recover from my sickness. He sat by me for six hours, and directed my attendants what to do for me. In about thirty hours from the time of being attacked by the fever, the skin began to peel from my body, and I was skinned all over. I desired to be baptized in the river, but it was not until the 14th day that brother Joseph would give his consent for me to be showered with cold water, when my fever began to break, and it left me on the 18th day. I laid upon my back, and was not turned upon my side for eighteen days.

"I lay in a log-house, which was rather open; it was so very cold during my

sickness, that brother Isaac Decker, my attendant, froze his fingers and toes while fanning me, with boots, greatcoats and mittens on, and with a fire in the house, from which I was shielded by a blanket.

"When the fever left me on the 18th day, I was bolstered up in my chair, but was so near gone that I could not close my eyes, which were set in my head—my chin dropped down and my breath stopped. My wife, seeing my situation, threw some cold water in my face; that having no effect, she dashed a handful of strong camphor into my face and eyes, which I did not feel in the least, neither did I move a muscle. She then held my nostrils between her thumb and finger, and placing her mouth directly over mine, blew into my lungs until she filled them with air. This set my lungs in motion, and I again began to breathe. While this was going on I was perfectly conscious of all that was passing around me; my spirit was as vivid as it every was in my life, but I had no feeling in my body." (Ms. 26:167.)

## 1843

On January 18, 1843, Brigham was able to leave his house for the first time following his illness. It was the occasion of a "feast" at the home of the Prophet Joseph, to celebrate two events in the Prophet's life; his release from the "Missouri writ, by the United States District Court," and the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage.

The Prophet records in his history:

"President Brigham Young was present, although very feeble. This was the first time he had been out of his house since he was taken sick." (*H. of C.*, Vol. 5:253.)

Two days after this event however, Brigham began meeting regularly with his quorum. On the 18th, he directed a letter to the branch at La Harpe, asking that the Saints there bring into Nauvoo their surplus provisions and donate them to the Prophet, so that he would be free to devote his whole time to Church affairs. On March 1, a similar letter was sent to the branch at Ramus. On March 11. Brigham accompanied the Prophet to Ramus to hold meeting there on Sunday the 12th. The Prophet spoke in the forenoon and Brigham in the afternoon. On the 14th, they returned to Nauvoo, "After a severely cold ride in a heavy snow-storm."

On Monday, April 10, a special conference of elders was held at Nauvoo and many were set apart to fill missions. Brigham, as president of the Twelve, was called upon to address them. His sermon on this occasion (he was still a young man, but forty-one years of age) is so full of practical common sense and wisdom, which marked him as a great leader in later years, that I desire to copy it as it was written down that day.

"President Young instructed the Elders not to go from church to church for the purpose of living themselves or begging for their families or for preaching, but to go to their places of destination, journeying among the world and preaching by the way as they have opportunity; and if they get anything for themselves, they must do it in those churches they shall build up or from the world, and not enter into other men's labor.

"Several Elders have been presented to us as having traveled extensively the past season, preaching but little or none, living on the brethren and begging for their own emolument. Such Elders, be they where they may, far or near, are instructed to repair forthwith to Nauvoo and give an account of their stewardship, and report

the amount of leg service performed by them, and on their return be sure to keep out of the churches.

"It is wisdom for the Elders to leave their families in this place when they have anything to leave with them; and let not the Elders go on their missions until they have provided for their families. No man need say again, "I have a call to travel and preach," while he has not a comfortable house for his family, a lot fenced, and one year's provisions in store, or sufficient to last his family during his mission or means to provide it.

"The Lord will not condemn any man for following counsel and keeping the commandments; and a faithful man will have dreams about the work he is engaged in. If he is engaged in building the Temple, he will dream about it; and if in preaching, he will dream about that; and not, when he is laboring on the Temple, dream that it is his duty to run off preaching and leave his family to starve. Such dreams are not of God.

"When I was sick last winter, some of the sisters came and whispered in my ear, 'I have nothing to eat.' 'Where is your husband?' 'He is gone a-preaching.' 'Who sent him?' said I; 'for the Lord never sent him, to leave his family to starve.'

"When the Twelve went to England, they went on a special mission, by special commandment, and they left their families sick and destitute, God having promised that they should be provided for. But God does not require the same thing of the Elders now, neither does he promise to provide for their families when they leave them contrary to counsel. The Elders must provide for their families.

"I wish to give a word of advice to the sisters, and I will give it to my wife. I have known Elders who had by some means got in debt, but had provided well for their families during their contemplated mission; and after they had taken their departure, their creditors would tease their wives for the pay due from their husbands, till they would give them the last provision they had left them, and they were obliged to subsist on charity or starve till their husbands returned. Such a course of conduct on the part of the creditor is anti-Christian and criminal; and I forbid my wife from paying one cent of my debts while I am absent attending to the things of the kingdom; and I want the sisters to act on the same principle." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 5:350.)

That is the kind of practical and plain advice that Brigham was giving to the Saints in the days of the Prophet Joseph. His wisdom was sound. He knew exactly what should be done by the people "to build up the Church and Kingdom." and he was willing to shoulder his part of the responsibility, though little did he dream, I fancy, that in slightly more than a year hence, the entire burden of leadership would be upon him.

On May 26th, at Nauvoo, there was another important event in Brigham's life. He records in his journal:

"Met with the Prophet Joseph, the Patriarch Hyrum, brothers Kimball and Richards, Judge James Adams and Bishop N. K. Whitney, receiving our endowments and instructions in the Priesthood. The Prophet Joseph administered to us the first ordinances of endowment, and gave us instructions on the Priesthood, and the new and everlasting covenant." (Ms. 26:184.)

This will be readily understood by all members of the Church, and the great significance of it in Brigham's life is known to them.

On the 31st, of the same month there is this item which gives us practical insight into his manner of living.

"I moved out of my log cabin into my new brick house, which was 22 feet by 16, two stories high, and a good cellar under it, and felt thankful

to God for the privilege of having a comfortable though small habitation." (Ms. 26:184.)

I have visited this little house in Nauvoo, and was told there by President Joseph F. Smith, that Brigham did most of the carpenter work on it himself.

On June 1, (Brigham's forty-second birthday) he made arrangements to visit the neighboring branches of the Church to solicit funds for the building of the Temple and the Nauvoo House. The Prophet gave him a written recommendation in which he referred to him as "one of the Lord's noblemen," And again,

"I can fervently say, may the Lord bless his way before him, and bless him, and bless those who obey his teachings wherever there are ears to hear and hearts to feel. He is worthy to be received and entertained as a man of God."

On July 7, Brigham departed from Nauvoo on a mission to the eastern branches of the Church, accompanied by his brethren of the Twelve, and all making their way as best they could without funds or support from the Church. This mission was to occupy his time until late in October.

On the 8th of July he was at St. Louis "and called on the Saints." On the 12th he reached Louisville, Ky., where he remained until the 17th. On the 16th (Sunday) his journal relates,

"In the afternoon we visited the Licking Branch in Kentucky, where the Saints were in a very backward state, their hearts being more engaged in the welfare of 10 or 15 acres of strawberries and raspberries they were cultivating than in the things of the kingdom of God."

And again on the 19th,

"Visited brother David Martin, who never asked our names; we staid with him over night, and lay on a bedstead that creaked so dreadfully that we could neither sleep nor dream." (Ms. 26:231.)

Brigham was intensely sincere and earnest in all labors, but he did not lack in sense of humor. I dare say that he and brother Woodruff had a good laugh over that creaking bedstead. Brigham was extremely human withal, and no doubt greatly enjoyed life. taking it as it came. But always and forever the labor of "building up the Church" was foremost in his mind.

On July 20, "we walked fifteen miles to Cincinnati," and on the 22nd, "we took steamer for Pittsburgh." It appears that there was quite a large branch of the Church at Pittsburgh, just how many I have been unable to learn, but Brigham was busily occupied there, holding meetings and speaking to the people until August 1. Addressing the Saints on Sunday, July 30, he said among other things:

"Who is the author of this work and gathering? Joseph Smith, the Prophet, as an instrument in the hands of God, is the author of it. He is the greatest man on earth. No other man at this age of the world, has power to assemble such a great people from all nations of the earth, with all their varied dispositions, and so assimilate and cement them together that

they become subject to rule and order. This the Prophet Joseph is doing. He has already gathered a great people who willingly subject themselves to his counsel, because they know it is righteous." (Ms. 26:247.)

"He is the greatest man on earth." There in a nutshell is Brigham's opinion of the Prophet and I should say that it is proof of Brigham's greatness, that he was able to recognize in Joseph Smith, his fellow mortal, with whom he was in constant association, and whose weaknesses were apparent to him, the greatness which the world is gradually beginning to accord to him. How fortunate, how very fortunate, for Brigham that he was so close to this inspired leader.

On August 1, Brigham and his companion, Wilford Woodruff, pushed on to Alleghany City, and on the next day "Charles Beck gave us $48 to help us to Baltimore." From Baltimore they traveled "by railroad to Newcastle, and thence by steamboat to Philadelphia where we arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 5th." Next afternoon, Sunday, the 6th,

"We met with about 300 Saints in the Canaanite church. I preached at considerable length and said that a man or woman may ask of God, and get a witness and testimony from God concerning any work or messenger that is sent unto them; but if a person ask for a thing that does not concern him, such as governing the Church, as a member of the Church, inquiring concerning the duty of a presiding elder, what the Prophet or the Twelve ought to do, he will not get an answer; if he does it will not be from God." (Ms. 26:263.)

That is another sample of Brigham's wise and practical advice to the Saints. On the 10th, there is this interesting note:

"In company with Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith, I visited the State House and the Independence Hall, where the patriots signed the Declaration of Independence. We sat in the chair which John Hancock occupied when he signed that instrument. We saw a statue of Washington, the portraits of La Fayette and others and the painting presented by Benjamin West to the city corporation, representing the situation of Paul and Barnabas when they were set apart to the ministry." (Ms. 26:279.)

On the 18th of August, Brigham with other members of the Twelve departed for New York traveling by steamer or by coach, as occasion required. At Bordertown, New Jersey, there was this event, which Brigham treats humorously:

"Brother George A. Smith and I staid over night with Brother Atkinson who lived in a very large frame house, said to have stood 150 years, and which was so infested with bed-bugs that we could not sleep. Brother George A. gave it as his legal opinion, that there were bed-bugs there which danced to the music at the battle of Trenton, as their heads were perfectly grey."

Reaching New York City on the 26th, they attended the same day a meeting of the Saints at Columbian Hall, Grand Street. Brigham addressed the meeting "upon the importance of building the

Nauvoo House and Temple, also upon the subject of the Priesthood, showing it was a perfect system of government." The following day he notes in his journal, "my health is feeble, never having wholly recovered from my last winter's illness."

From September 5 to 29, Brigham labored in Boston and vicinity and was busily engaged proclaiming his message to the Saints and their friends. On the 30th, he began his return journey to Nauvoo, stopping and holding meetings in New York and Philadelphia. They passed through Pittsburgh on the 8th of October, Cincinnati on the 12th and arrived in Nauvoo on the 22nd, having been away nearly four months. The next day,

> With Elders H. C. Kimball and George A. Smith I visited the Prophet Joseph, who was glad to see us. We paid him every cent of the means we had collected for the Temple and Nauvoo House. He taught us many principles illustrating the doctrine of celestial marriage, concerning which God had given him a revelation July 12."

During November and December, Brigham was busily engaged with his duties at home. On November 7 he was made a member of a committee of the Twelve, who were appointed "to raise $500 to procure paper on which to print another edition of the Doctrine and Covenants." This gives us an idea of the straightened condition of the Saints.

On December 10, he records the following, which to me is extremenly significant for this man of faith:

> "I attended prayer-meeting in the Assembly Room. President Joseph Smith being absent I presided and instructed the brethren upon the necessity of following our file leader, and our Savior, in all his laws and commandments, without asking any questions why they were so." (Ms. 26:311.)

At a meeting at the home of Wilford Woodruff on the 28th, Brigham relates,

> "I exhorted the Saints to be subject to the powers that be; said our sufferings are permitted that we may learn by experience the contrast between good and evil, in order to obtain power: never suffer anger to find a seat in your breast, never get angry, treat all mildly, govern yourselves, control your passions and it will give you power." (Ms. 26:312.)

And so ended the year 1843, which was to be the last of Brigham's apprenticeship. Little did he know or realize the great responsibility soon to be placed upon him.

## 1844.

During January and February Brigham was actively engaged in his ministry in Nauvoo and the surrounding settlements of the Saints. "The grand object before us," he told the people, "is to build the Temple this season." But there was another proposition before the brethren which was to have a great and far reaching effect. This was the move to the Rocky Mountains, already contemplated by the Prophet Joseph. In Brigham's journal under date of February 21, 1844, I find this item:

"I met in Council. Brother Joseph directed the Twelve to select an exploring company to go to California to select a location for the settlement of the Saints; Johnathan Dunham, David Fulmer, Phineas H. Young and David D. Yearsly volunteered to go, and Alphonzo Young, James Emmett, George D. Watt and Daniel Spencer were selected to go.

"Feb. 23.—I met with the Presidency and Twelve in relation to the Rocky Mountain Expedition, eight more volunteers gave in their names. Brother Joseph gave instructions in relation to the fit out needed. It was agreed that the company should number twenty-five."

This information may come as a surprise to some that it was not Brigham Young who devised the westward move of the Latter-day Saints. But the facts are here that such a move was contemplated and discussed by the Prophet Joseph. Upon Brigham, however, was to fall the task of leadership in this tremendous undertaking.

Another factor entered into the lives of the Saints during this critical period. The year 1844 was a presidential year and politics were being discussed on every side. At a meeting of the leading brethren, held January 29, it had been decided that the Saints could support neither Martin Van Buren nor Henry Clay. Both had refused to do anything to help them obtain redress for the wrongs done them in Missouri, Clay's reply being, "You'd better go to Oregon for redress." Consequently it was natural that Willard Richards should put a motion before the brethren to this effect:

"That we will have an independent electoral ticket and Joseph Smith be a candidate for the next Presidency; and that we use all honorable means in our power to secure his election." (*H. of C.*, Vol. 6:188.)

At the April conference, 244 elders volunteered to go throughout the states and present the Prophet's name and his "Views on the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States" to the people. Brigham had under his direct supervision the activity of these elders and their assignments to their fields of labor. In his instructions to them he said, that they were to seek diligently to get Electors who would vote for Joseph Smith for the Presidency, and also, they were to be faithful ("in preaching the gospel in its simpilicity and beauty, in all meekness, humility, long-suffering and prayerfulness; and the Twelve will devote the season to traveling, and will attend as many conferences as possible." (*H. of C.*, Vol. 6:340). Thus the work for the summer of 1844 was laid out before him. During the latter part of April and the early part of May he was busily occupied making preparations to leave. Finally, on May 21, he records in his journal:

"I started on my mission to the East in company with Elders H. C. Kimball and L. Wight on board the steamer *Osprey*."

Little did Brigham realize when he waved "good-bye" to the brethren on shore that never again in this life would he look upon the face of his beloved Prophet. The tragedy at Carthage was only six weeks away.

May 22, the following day, Brigham was at St. Louis; on

the 26th, he had reached Cincinnati, and on the 30th, Pittsburgh. From Pittsburgh he made a short side-trip to Kirtland, where for several days he visited with his brother John and his sister Nancy Kent. Proceeding onward he went through Buffalo and Albany, arriving in Boston on June 16. Nine days later, on June 27, there is this note from his journal:

"Spent the day in Boston with Brother Woodruff, who accompanied me to the railway station, as I was about to take cars for Salem. In the evening while sitting in the depot waiting I felt a heavy depression of Spirit, and so melancholy I could not converse with any degree of pleasure. Not knowing anything concerning the tragedy enacting at this time in Carthage jail I could not assign any reason for my peculiar feelings." (Ms. 36:343.)

It was not until the 9th of July that Brigham heard rumors of the death of the Prophet. But thinking them to be rumors only he continued on with his missionary work, and went with Orson Pratt to Petersboro, N. H. There on the 16th, he records the following:

"While at Brother Bement's house in Petersboro, I heard a letter read which Brother Livingston had received from Mr. Joseph Powers, of Nauvoo, giving particulars of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum. The first thing I thought of was whether Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him from the earth; brother Orson Pratt sat on my left; we were leaning back on our chairs. Bringing my hand down on my knee I said, 'The keys of the kingdom are right here with the Church.' " (Ms. 26:359.)

Brigham no doubt was stunned and dismayed on hearing the terrible news of the death of his beloved Prophet and yet his first thoughts were for the Kingdom. Would it all end now, that which he had labored, sacrificed and suffered for, for twelve years? No, "the keys of the Kingdom are right here with the Church," and it no doubt flashed across Brigham's mind at that moment that the burden of leadership was upon him. For while many were confused and uncertain as to the proper course to pursue, Brigham's mind grasped the situation instantly and the duty before him was clear.

On the following day, July 17, Brigham arrived in Boston. Wilford Woodruff, who was there, recorded the event as follows:

"Elder Brigham Young arrived in Boston this morning. I walked with him to 57 Temple St., and called upon Sister Vose: Brother Young took to the bed and gave vent to his feelings in tears."

The great, stout heart of the man was broken by the news of the death of his beloved Prophet, and he had to give "vent to his feelings in tears." I fancy that he never bore such love for any other man as he did for the Prophet Joseph. His devotion to him had almost amounted to worship, and now he was gone, and Brigham was left alone! But he rose from that bed of tears with one overpowering determination, and that was to carry on the great work which the Prophet had been the instrument in the hands of God in founding.

# THE RETURN OF SANTA CLAUS

By Elsie Talmage Brandley

"That's all for today, Miss Free. Just get those letters off and then run along. There won't be anything pressing tomorrow either, so you'd better take the day for your Christmas preparations—you do make Christmas preparations, don't you?"

Wesley Stannard's voice was merely polite. It sounded almost heartless for a man to speak of Christmas in the same tone as he would use in asking if it had stopped raining. He should have endowed the words with a halo! There should have been radiance. and glamor, and sparkle in a question dealing with such a subject! What could be wrong with such a person?

"Yes, indeed, I've preparations to make! There's the ribbon to sew on two aprons for Mother, and Dad's handkerchiefs to monogram, and Buddy's—"

"Yes, of course," interrupted the man. "Well, Merry Christmas," and the detached politeness in his voice told the girl that she was dismissed. Her manner of withdrawing fairly shouted indignant disgust.

"She thinks I'm a hard-boiled old business man, with not a drop of the milk of human kindness to my name! And, by George, I don't suppose she is missing it so far at that. I'd give a new dime to know just what happened to that jolly old Wes Stannard I used to be. He was a real fellow! Nice chap!" And the memory of the man in the office-chair began to wander back in the gallery of other years, and it paused in tender exultation before the pictures he loved the best, to let their colorful potency steal in his senses again.

There was a crimson day of long ago—still vividly exhilarating—when Young Stannard had sent the football bounding through the goal, and had won the day for the old school! What cheers, what ecstasy, what pride had filled him that day! It was so gloriously crimson that it almost hurt his eyes, from the distance of twenty years.

Next came the picture of a day of pure gold—the day he had seen Marian for the first time. She was standing in a great clump of golden-rod, and the afternoon sun had made of her curly hair an aureole. He had known at once that he had found his girl—the one of whom he had dreamed for so long. The sunshine and gold of that day was still untarnished.

And the white and silver of their wedding day! The filmy veil, and the white, white dress that Marian wore! The starry light in her eyes, and the dull gleam of the candles behind her, in their silver sconces! Sir Galahad himself could never have felt more of consecration and devotion to a high purpose than did Wesley Stannard, on his silver day!

There followed the blue picture; blue with the actual tint of heaven as Marian's sapphire eyes had raised to smile at him over the wee form of their new-born son. He had felt sure then that Dan's eyes would be blue, and they were.

The only distinct picture after that was the gray one—the dull picture of sorrow when he and Marian had stood above the little mound of flower-strewn earth which was all they had left of Dan; but their love for each other had saved both from despair.

So long ago it was, and yet so clear to his memory! Strange that to a man standing in the shadow of his own discontent, the past seemed more light and radiant than he had known it to be when he had lived and moved and had his being in the very heart of its warmth.

A man really owed it to himself to take more interest in the big things of life while they were in his grasp. They left him soon enough! What did he have now of Christmas? Only rather jumbled and indistinct recollections of boyhood celebrations punctuated with stockings-full of things to eat or play with, and an assortment of wagons, skates, tool-chests, and books; and the memories of little Dan's happiness on the Christmas days which would have been so much more significant to his father could he have dreamed that after nine of them had passed, the spirit of Christmas would have fled with the soul of the lad.

Now, from his position on the other side of happiness, Stannard realized that every day of his early years could have been lived more intensively, more fully-appreciated, and in that way their sweetness might have been stretched out to make palatable these unbearable days of deadly business routine, now barren of any of the beauty which was so prodigally evident in his pictures of the past. There had been plenty of gladness and merry laughter and cheer in by-gone Christmases to have carried over to lesson the bleak dreariness of the ones he had to live through nowadays; if he could have forseen the days to come, they might not have come just as they had. Perhaps he might have distilled part of the joy of those times, and kept it in a small vial which could have been tipped a little and made to pour out just enough of the precious essence to perfume the present!

Stannard broke off from his fanciful philosophizing with a disgusted snort. "What rot! You're acting like a love-sick school boy;" and in his use of the second person he proved that the idea of two separate Wesley Stannards had not entirely departed. "Of course, Christmas will be a bore, but it will be to a lot of people besides you. Everyone who has to prepare, or eat, or suffer indigestion from the silly dinners that come with the day will be bored more or less with the procedure, so you are no worse off than the rest. Even Marian, pretending to be so gay with her bunch of dancing, laughing friends is probably bored with all that, too, so don't get to regarding yourself as particularly afflicted in that line."

And as he thus ruminated, a woman, slender, pretty, and looking

only a few of her thirty-seven years, was gazing wistfully upon the framed likeness of the man in the office, and she, too, was thinking.

"Stan, what have I done? Where have I failed you? You never seem to need me in your life any more, and Dear, I need you so very much!"

But they cried out only in their two hearts, and neither heard the other calling.

* * * * * *

Stannard rose presently and taking his coat and hat went out to board the elevator, and make the descent which marked the end of the working day. Pushing out into the frosty air, he was conscious of increased dissatisfaction and unrest. The sight of glad-eyed, bundle-laden throngs, hurrying home through the crisp December evening, irritated and depressed him somehow. Christmas gifts!

"But I must not forget to get something for Marian. There's not much joy in looking forward to the sort of day which Christmas is bound to be, but I suppose it would look pretty bad to let it go by without something for her. I'll have to see to that first thing in the morning, sure."

Stopping under a bright street light he extracted from his inside pocket a red leather memorandum book, and finding the section marked "Dec. 24," jotted upon the top line, briefly, "Present for Marian." Then he smiled a bitter sort of smile that little Dan never would have recognized as his father's.

"So Christmas has come to mean just this!" he said half aloud. "Present for Marian—nothing for anyone else. No tree, no stockings to fill, no mystery or gladness. In short, no Santa Claus!"

A gust of wind, heralding a Christmas storm, blew a few preliminary snow-flakes into his face, and into his consciousness the childish voices of two who were trying to reach the slit in the mail-box on the corner.

"Do you 'spect Santa Claus gets letters without any stamps on, Dick?" A little girl was asking the question of a slightly taller lad at her side.

"Sure he does if we send it in the mail-box, and I believe I c'n reach it. There I've reached it! Gimmme the letter, Nettie."

His sister held it up to him just as a second and more powerful wind breath came along, briskly tearing it from her small hand and carrying it straight as an arrow along its path. Wesley Stannard was in that path, and the folded scrap of paper stopped against the breast of his closely-buttoned overcoat, and clung there.

"The kid's letter to Santa," he conjectured, and started toward them to restore it. They were looking everywhere for it, and Stannard could see them quite clearly as they neared him, under the street light. They were shabbily dressed, and blue with the cold which penetrated their thin clothing.

"No!" he decided suddenly. "Their letter will be as safe with

me as it would be with the postman, and it might give me something to do on Christmas." He walked un-noticing past them, their diminishing voices following as he went.

"Well, maybe Santy might find it anyway if the wind took it. He finds the ones that get sent up fireplace chimneys, and the wind takes them, doesn't it, Licky?"

"That's a good idear, Netta. He's jest as likely to as not. Let's go home and wait a day or two and p'haps we'll hear from him," the boy replied with big-brotherly superiority.

The ten blocks from town to his home seemed a pleasant walk to the man tonight. He felt younger, lighter in spirit than for months. It would be diverting to do this little Christmas job that fate had so plainly decreed was his to do, and the anticipation of it, hazy as the details were, stimulated him strangely. He could scarcely wait to turn the key and switch the light on, to read the message the two youngsters in their shabby clothes and rich faith had sent to the good old saint whose reputation with every child is so enviable.

The writing was crooked and wobbly—Stannard had known it would be, for the boy couldn't have been over ten, and little Dan's writing that last year, when he was ten, had often forced the reader to highly suppositional conclusions regarding his meaning. The trick Stannard's memory had of bringing Dan's expressive face back so clearly before him, whenever a real child came under his observation, brought with it a blinding mistiness which tonight made the reading of the dirty little note all the more difficult.

"Dear Santa Claus"; ran the first line, tipsily.

"Me and Netta lives with misses Janes at 119 Maple strete who tretes us good but she don't have enuff to feed us and all her own sence mama went away and don't pay her no munny. We don't want to go to the orfans home so pleas send us some folks for Xmas if you got enny that hasent enny children, with love dick Toland. P. S. Netta wood like a doll too but wede both be satisfide with jest plain folks."

Stannard read the note again and still again.

"So the poor little tads want 'jest plain folks' do they? That's a bigger order than it sounds at first. The doll will be easy enough to manage, but I guess there are others who'd like some plain folks, if they were to be had for the asking! Especially at Christmas time."

There was a rustle of silk and the faint aroma of violets as Marian came down stairs.

"Stan! How you frightened me, standing there so still! Is anything wrong? You look so queer, somehow."

"Nothing is wrong, of course, Marian. I walked home pretty fast, and am just getting my breath, I suppose. Going out tonight?"

"After dinner, yes. Don't you remember my telling you about

Grace Fulton's Christmas house-party? You were asked, but refused very bluntly if you recall the little matter correctly."

"O yes, I believe I do remember something about it. Don't mind me, Marian. I'm not a bit of good at this butterfly life, and if I tried to keep it up I wouldn't have any pep for my work. You're happier without my solemn presence, and we both know it, so let's not pretend either of us want me along on your parties."

"But this is different, Stan. I'd really be glad if you would change your mind and come with me tonight. It is so queer I think, to spend Christmas in different houses right on the same street. Won't you come?"

"Can't do it, Marian. Tomorrow will be brimful of important business engagements, and I need some kind of a rest on Christmas Day. I'm all run down, somehow, and a three-day party like Grace's would be the last of me."

"Well, come in to dinner, then. I'm sorry, Stan, that you don't enjoy my friends, and * * * and me."

That was all. Their little differences had come about so gradually that their two lives were running along entirely divergent lines without any particular friction. Both faced and deplored the situation and tried to be as pleasant as possible to each other, as strangers who have little in common, smile and chat amiably together.

The day before Christmas was ajingle with sleigh-bells and aglow with holly-berries and great bows of red ribbon flaming everywhere. Stannard, having disposed of several of his most pressing business details went forth to discharge the obligation mentioned on line one of the section in his memorandum dated "Dec. 24." It was a fur he got for Marian's Christmas gift, a luxuriant, beautiful thing that stilled in a measure, the whisper of disloyalty he had felt in planning a real celebration in which she was to have no part.

He drew a line through "Present for Marian," and wrote below it several items.

Look up house at 119 Maple St.

"Doll for Netta,

"Tricycle for Dick.

"Candy, nuts, oranges, bananas.

"Santa Claus suit."

After a hasty lunch, he set out to do the things he had outlined.

The first item took him out near the railroad tracks, into a district unfamiliar and dingy. The house he sought was a dilapidated place, lacking paint and window-panes here and there, but the curtains at the windows were as clean as recent laundering could make them, and a geranium, blooming scarlet above the can in which it stood gave an air of holiday festivity to the place.

Having assured himself of the actual existence of a house at the number given in the unlawfully-acquired letter to Santa Claus, Stan-

nard concluded that it would be much more interesting to make the affair a complete surprise to everyone concerned, so he retraced his way back to town without having seen anyone living in the geranium-adorned house at 119 Maple St.

The shopping expedition was grat fun. It was years since he and Marian had bought toys at Christmas-time, and the revival of the old thrill enchanted him. The "doll for Netta" resulted as well in a doll-buggy of size and style to delight the most fastidious little mother in Christendom; a drawing-book, set of small dishes upon which birds and flowers flourished in abundance, and a well-equipped sewing box found their way into the increasing stock of Stannard's purchases. Dick's tricycle gave place to a coaster-wagon and fine tool-chest, together with an array of games and mechanical toys which made the man wish with all his heart that he were a boy again, at the ripe age of ten.

There was a fragmentary notion within some practical corner of his brain, to the effect that there should be some warm, durable clothing among the gifts, but so great was his interest in the playthings that he dismissed the other thought half-apologetically.

"After Christmas I can give Mrs. Jaynes some money to buy things to wear, for she'd know better than I what they need. Poor little kids! They need a jolly good time and plenty to eat as much as anything else, if I'm any judge, and my intention is to see that they get it for once."

This thought put a fresh duty on his list. The dinner must not be neglected, and going to the nearest phone he called Marian.

"Have you made any plans for dinner tomorrow?" he asked her.

"I'll be here at Fulton's, of course, but Sarah has orders to serve you a real Christmas repast at two o'clock. Is that all right?" There was a note in her voice that Stannard thought bordered on wistfulness. It was a mistaken idea, he knew, but it brought an unfamiliar lump of tenderness into his throat, nevertheless. Marian had been a mighty good little pal in those earlier years, and her voice was always so attractive.

"That's fine, thanks dear. Merry Christmas to you, Marian."

"You don't want me to come home, do you Stan?" And again he wondered what it was that made him think of her as she used to be—sweet, sympathetic, and considerate.

"I couldn't spoil your party just to have you for dinner. I'll get along nicely, thanks. Good-bye."

"Goodbye, Stan. A merry Christmas to you, too."

Hurrying away from the telephone the man made a few additional purchases to insure the completeness of the meal for tomorrow. Then there were the candy, nuts and fruit. A bushy tree was in turn selected as were great boxes of colorful ornaments and tiny lights strung on a wire. Stannard had quite a difficult ten minutes trying to decide between the Santa Claus lights and the

little globes shaped like different fruits. The latter finally won on the merit of their greater variety, and the settling of the question afforded him infinite satisfaction. He felt young, gay, although carefree, but through the bright fabric of his joyousness ran a thread of dull wonder. What was the true interpretation of that new quality in Marian's tone? The words came back to him again and again. "You don't want me to come home, do you, Stan?"

He tried to forget the little incident, but it persisted. After buying the last thing, the Santa Claus suit, he started toward home, and as he went, a voice almost pleading, rang in his consciousness once more, "You don't want me to come home, do you, Stan?

"O Marian!" His lonely heart uttered the words that his cool brain would not permit. "If you could only come home—home as it used to be! Full of love and understanding, and with the little son to play with!"

But Marian could not hear, for she was too far away to catch the sound of a cry that was only in a man's heart.

Stannard put in the busiest Christmas Eve he had spent in years. He chose the big cozy basement playroom for his field of operations; the kiddies could romp and celebrate there all day long, and nothing would be the worse for wear. Marian never liked things cluttering up her dignified living-room, and it was only natural that two children on Christmas day would clutter up.

After making this decision he set the tree near the great fireplace downstairs, and proceeded to decorate it with all the fervor of those other years. The stockings he hung above the grate, and dotted about the room were the rest of the gifts for the two trusting youngsters. It was a fascinating task, and Stannard found himself smiling delightedly at any particular happy effect; twice he began to sing some song about jolly old St. Nicholas leaning his ear somewhere, but that was all he could remember. It was six years since he had heard that song.

The next morning found him astir as early as any respectable person should be. After making the furnace fire and fixing the fireplace just ready for the touch of a match later, he donned the red and white garb of old Santa Claus. Then incongruously climbing into a closed motor-car instead of the regulation sleigh and eight prancing reindeers, he started off through the gray dawn for the shabby little house in Maple Street.

In response to his knock the door was opened by a worn-looking woman evidently awakened by the summons. Her drowsiness was instantly dispelled by the sight of the red and white apparition at the door, and she exclaimed, "My land, if it ain't old Santy himself!"

"Yes, and I've come to borrow Netta and Dick for the day, to show them a real Christmas. I got their letter and have things ready for a jolly celebration."

Fascinated, intrigued, unquestioning, the woman whose days were so drab and lacking in romance, led into her humble home the man who had come to bring enchantment for at least one day into the lives of her unfortunate little charges.

"It's heaven's own mercy what sent you, Mr. Santa Claus," she assured him as she brushed vigorously at the curls of the heavy-eyed Netta. "These little ones have fretted most dreadful since they lost their letter, but I told them that what was best fur 'em would come. And now you see it's come!" she ended triumphantly.

Wonderment and joy was gradually taking the place of Netta's sleepiness, and Richard sat apart, lacing his shoes but watching every movement of the smiling old gentleman whose coming had not surprised in the least.

"Are we going to the North Pole, to your house?" Netta asked. Clearly nothing was unexpected to her.

"The reindeers are pretty tired after their long night's work," Stannard apologized. "I thought you might enjoy an automobile ride just as well. How about it?"

"O yes! We've never rode in one before, have we Netta?" Richard was delighted with the more modern prospect of locomotion.

"And its almost too cold to be pleasant at the North Pole, so I got a friend of mine to let us use his house. He said he'd be glad to have us, and when I have to leave to see about things, he'll come and play with you."

Both children were dressed now and wild to be on their way.

"I'll see that the children get back safely, Mrs. Jaynes," explained the man as the three left the house, and in a minute more they were off in the big blue car toward some unguessed, mysterious fairyland. The ride was all too short to the two who felt that nothing in the day that was opening before them could equal their first ride in an automobile. Their vague dissapointment at being told to climb out, so soon after climbing in, was dissipated as they found themselves being ushered into an unbelievably large and clean and painted house. At once they were taken downstairs into a place as brilliant and beautiful as the store windows in town.

"Oh!" cried Netta in awe-stricken wonder as she saw the tree with its dozens of tiny lights agleam in the green branches.

"Oh!" said Dick, his quick glance falling upon a coaster wagon so evidently destined for a ten-year-old boy.

"Oh!" they exclaimed together when they spied the bulging stockings hanging before the fire-place, just as stockings had hung in pictures they had seen.

Their incredulous silence soon gave place to riotous glee. Hardly knowing where to start, they ran from one thing to another, back to the first one again.

"Dick, see the little dishes, with birdies on!"

"But Netta, looky the wagon!! I'll ride you all over town in it."

Santa Claus was forgotten temporarily, but remembered a little later when Dick found himself too short to reach the stockings.

"Now little ones," he said, after taking the stocking with their alluring lumps of the pegs on which they hung. "I must leave you for awhile, so I'll send the man who lives in this house down to play with you. His name is Mr. Stan, and you must be very kind to him, for he has no boys and girls of his own."

With a pat on each little head he was gone. Ten minutes later a man in a velvet jacket and brown slippers that made almost no noise at all came into the room. His voice, when he spoke, was so much like that of Santa Clause, that Netta and Dick felt drawn to him at once.

"So you are the two Santa brought to spend the day with me! That's jolly, for I was just needing some like you. People get a bit lonely at Christmas time, don't they?"

"Yes, it's nice to have someone all the time, isn't it Dicky?"

"Sure is. We play with each other, don't we Netta?"

Stannard found a new sharpness in the old pain which had never left his heart since Danny died. It was nice to have someone all the time. How well he could remember the sweetness of it!

At this point Sarah entered the room with a tray. She had been with the Stannards for twelve years, and was greatly in sympathy with plans such as Mr. Stannard had explained to her last night. She was to have the day off after dinner, but her interest was none the less sincere in helping to make the thing a success before that time.

"Ah! Here comes some breakfast! That's fine. I'm starved, and I guess you are too. How about it?'"

The man drew a table toward the fire, and Sarah placed the tray upon it.

"Let me eat off the birdie dishes, can I?" Netta asked eagerly.

"Bless 'er little 'eart, of course she can eat off'n the birdie dishes," exclaimed the captivated Sarah.

Breakfast was a highly successful affair. The novelty of buttered toast, poached eggs, cocoa and jam was so great compared with their usual menu of oatmeal and blue milk, as to justify the kiddies in their ecstatic desertion of the gifts and toys.

The inner man satisfied, they returned with increased gladness to their new possessions and not for one instant did their interest flag. Netta grew drowsy as the day grew on past noon, but her weariness was not of spirit. When sleep would no longer be denied, she accepted the situation without a murmur, and climbed upon the soft couch to doze off with the beloved doll clasped tight in one arm, and a birdie plate held in a small warm hand. She slept until the call for dinner, at which point her brother seemed to feel that slumber betokened ingratitude, for he insisted upon arousing her.

Stannard knew that the memory of that dinner would remain with him always. The enjoyment of the children was infectious, and the man relished every bite he took. But far above that pleasure was a mystic gladness, an intangible joy that to Stannard seemed almost celestial. He could scarcely restrain the tears as they burned behind his eyes with a pain that was to him soul-satisfying—consecrating. His whole being was flooded with happiness of the first magnitude that lacked but one element of perfection. He wanted Marian, of the old days, to share this joy.

The day faded early into the gray dusk. Stannard put a fresh log on the big fireplace, and drew his chair up toward it. Half closing his eyes he could see in the bright flame, pictures of other Christmases in this room; Dan as a little lad with his first short haircut; Dan as a sturdy, roguish boy, overjoyed with his first pair of skates; Dan, so chummy and clear-eyed, that last Christmas before he was called away from them. The dream was so poignant in its realism that the warmth of a small hand stealing into his own, seemed a part of it all.

Mr. Stan, will you tell us a story.

It was Netta's voice, and in it a suggestion of childish comraderie that touched his heart anew. Stories were an almost unknown quantity with him, but it was impossible to refuse the request she made with such entire confidence. Catching her in his arms, he cuddled her down comfortably and began to tell the story of that first Christmas night in Bethlehem. At the first words, Richard left his tool-chest and tip-toed over nearer.

" 'And there were shepherds watching in the fields by night—' "

Was there a stir outside the door? Only fancy, of course, and he went on.

" '—and the angels brought the message of "Peace on earth,, and good will toward men!" which will always be the true spirit of the Christmas time—Christ's birthday.' "

Silence was in the warm darkness of the room for just a moment, broken then by the opening of the door and the unmistakable sound of sobbing. Turning, Stannard saw a quick figure coming to him, that dropped down and hid her face in the sweet bundle that was Netta.

"Marian!" Stannard's voice was thrilling in its welcome.

"Stan, how could you do this, and leave me out of it? O, if you just knew how I've longed every Christmas, every month, every day, for this very thing! I came home because my pride broke thinking you might need me, too, a little bit. Then to open that door and see you here with a tiny child in your arms was like looking into heaven from outside the gates. Stan, haven't I even a small place in your life any more?"

The man bent and kissed her mass of dark hair.

"It hasn't been much of a life since I lost you out of it, dear." he answered huskily.

Later he showed her the dirty, crumpled letter which had prompted his Christmas plan. Reading it, she smiled through the tears.

"Bless their trusting little hearts! We need them, too, don't we, Stan? Couldn't we keep them always, as our Christmas present to each other.

"There's nothing I'd rather have than a chance to be the kids' folks—the plainer the better! It would be enchanting to have them every Christmas, and all the time in between, to watch their fun."

"And we'll have fun of our own, Stan, for now I know that there really is a Santa Claus who answers peoples' Christmas prayers. He brought me back something I've wanted for years, and almost given up hope of ever getting. He brought me back my happiness and you."

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## The Joy of Life

A prayer to thee, dearest Father, I ask in humility;
Open my eyes to the beauty that is everywhere to see.
From the purple shadowed mountains with their rugged crests, snow-capped
To the wide stretch of prairie, silver sage in silence wrapt.

On the gently rolling meadows filled with daisies, starry-eyed,
Hiding 'mong tall waving grasses, like wee foam specks on the tide.
Fields full of pale yellow stubbles, trimmed with dainty goldenrod—
Close by, blue-grass on the ditch-bank where the blue-eyed asters nod,

Starlit skies of summer evenings, shadows of tall waving trees,
Brooklets laughing back the starlight, silver ripples in the breeze,
On the beauty of the sunrise, when the golden sun's first beams
Laughingly wake up the flowers' dew-wet, sleepy eyes, from dreams.

Then again, I ask thee, Father, may my ears be tuned to hear
All the music that is 'round us—much that I now miss, I fear.
Lilting melody of blue-bird, or the cricket's wee, shrill, croon.
Or the chugging of the thrasher, through the autumn afternoon,

Or the sweet voice of the mother as she sings a lullaby,
And her baby's voice in question seems he's always asking "Why?"
But the greatest blessing, Father, I have yet to ask of thee,
Not great fame, I ask, nor riches, give me boundless charity.

May I feel each man my brother, rich and poor or great and small—
May I overlook the weakness and see good in each—in all.
May I help each as a brother with no thought of self or gain,
May I never hurt another, nor by word, or act, cause pain.

May my life be rich and happy, happy from, and rich in, love,
For an old and true great saying tells, 'We live but as we love!"

*Scipio, Utah.* NONA H. BROWN

# FALL IN MANHATTAN

By Fred L. Markham

Back in old New York, during these Indian Summer days, while the folks in the hills and valleys are enjoying the beauty of nature's glorious color, the missionaries to the Big City are busily engaged in outdoor meetings, sometimes almost under the shadow of the Woolworth tower, and always in a canyon of sombre gray. That means preaching, and to a rushing mass of humanity who insistently hurry on, up and down the narrow, dirty streets.

I suppose that not many of the folks out west know what it means to hold an open air meeting on old Manhatten's highways. I'm going to try and take you to one. I want you to feel the fright, the nervous excitement that comes when you separate yourself from the thousands free for the lunch hour who are walking down Broadway and step from the curb to a street sticky with a thin layer of mud and strewn with the refuse of a day's accumulation, fruit peelings, cigarette stubs, oil from the heavy trucks and the ever present refuse from numerous horses. People with whom you were but a moment before walking abreast, turn to see what has prompted such peculiar behavior. With your heart pounding in your head, lungs and to your very finger-tips, you slowly and with thoughtful deliberation unroll the flag and set it up on the improvised music stand carried as a flag-staff. Street speakers must always fly an American flag while talking, a hang-over from the feverish war days of 1917 and 1918. A few extra curious souls with little to do always stop and watch you, as they will watch anything that is not included in the humdrum routine of city street life. They are useful, as they always form the nucleus around which the main crowd will later gather. These are as a rule of the Jewish race, in spite of which fact, out of curiosity, they will sometimes remain through a full Christian service.

The pre-occupation of unrolling the flag, coupled with a half-dazed interest in returning the gazes of these few curious ones, rather takes away the frightened feeling experienced upon first stepping forth, but now it comes back with a force that you could not expect. Intensely conscious of yourself and of your unusual situation, your mind refuses to function as you would like it to. Various thoughts rapidly follow each other through your consciousness, foremost is the desire to run, but that quite easily submerges to permit a flood of excuses to present their plea.

"Perhaps we'd do better by going to another corner, the crowd here doesn't look good today." "They'lll not stand with the sun so hot as it is today."

"It is too noisy here, I don't think we can be heard.'"

The sky is scanned in the vain hope of an approaching storm. Anything, anything to take you away from that particular corner, at that particular time with that particular task. At last consciousness of duty overpowers these wayward tendencies and you turn to the practical consideration of your situation. A crowd must be gathered. How? Well, you can sing, or just begin by "calling them in," both of which might sound quite simple, but aren't. Previous experience has shown you that the New Yorker above all else is intensely curious. A break in the monotonous train of daily office or warehouse activity is always welcomed, and especially if it is something in which the only requisite is to watch some one else act. Capitalizing upon this characteristic you use a piece of ordinary chalk and make a series of peculiar marks on the grimy pavement. The passing groups seeing this extraordinary behavior stop to watch the fun, as they suppose it to be. Once begun, the old terrified feeling gradually vanishes and in its place comes an intensified mental strain, a racking search for subject matter and the language to convey it. Gradually, and slow enough to keep the crowd coming, you develop from the crude marks a word, then a sentence—your subject. The chalking done, a crowd, curious, yet half jovial and jostling, has circled round, some of the rear ones so anxious to see that they impatiently force their more fortunate fellows until only a small circle surrounding the writing remains. That circle is your rostrum and from it you must develop your subject.

Rising, a chill as cold and petrifying as any wind that blows across the glacier of Mount Timpanogos, plays relays up and down your back bone. You are facing a crowd of a hundred of New York's five million. You realize in a half conscious way that within that hundred lie all the possibilities of a polyglot metropolis. As many types of mind as there are individuals. As many different points of view on the subject of religion as there are people before you. Hebrews, Catholics, Chinese, Hindus, Protestants and Mohammedans, and you must direct the thoughts of the conglomerate group into the channels you want.

Within that group you may have a millionaire, and beside him a thug. You may have a college graduate with fraternity keys dangling from his watch chain, and beside him a moroon who shovels muck in a nearby excavation. You can recognize the grimy mechanic with his clothing, hands and face covered with grease and dirt of the shop bench,

the shop girl with modish dress and wondering stare, the shopper lacking time to stay and find out the reason for the traffic congestion, but yet too curious to pass by without seeing what she can at a glance.

Smiles of amusement, and sometimes derision, meet you as you announce the intention of holding a meeting, and small groups move away when they learn it is to be a religious discussion. The crowd comes and goes in such groups of two and three, sometimes with such startling rapidity that it seems as if they are manipulated by magic. But the hundred has attracted others, and for those that leave plenty come to keep their places filled.

Prayer offered, the topic announced and ready to begin, a sense of security settles upon you. The chill that a few moments ago shook you has been thawed with the satisfying warmth which accompanies the manifestation of the Spirit of God. Words come that a few moments before seemed miserably frozen, and then the real joy of seeing that that crowd, perhaps forty or fifty, has remained. The subject develops, a man with rimless glasses and correct clothes stands looking intently at you as you talk. Plainly, he is interested. You talk definitely to him. It is affecting him surely. Then he moves away. The message didn't hit home. People come and go, and a few stay, one here and one there.

"Who is that behind? A cop? What, O yes, the permit." All outdoor speakers in the city must, besides having a flag prominently displayed, have a permit from the commissioner of Public Safety which identifies the organization, the speaker and the corner, thus regulating the practice of holding street meetings. Having satisfactorily explained it all to the representative of the law, you turn to the crowd to find it augmented to nearly twice its former size. This is the inevitable result of the police interference. To a New Yorker, the presence of the man in blue always gives omen of a fight or excitement equally interesting. As the newcomers find the nature of the gathering, however, they begin to sift out until the crowd again comes back to its former size.

Following the interruption, the words continue to flow, now slowly and with deliberation, now fast and sharp and definite. It is a wonderful feeling. You sense the power to hold a group with the sound of your own voice, but behind it you recognize that it comes only because the inspiration of your words is from your Father in Heaven. You are thankful for the ability given you to present such a truth laden message, sparkling with spirituality and capable of giving the greatest joy on earth. As you speak, these thoughts keep racing through your mind: "If they can only understand it! If they can only grasp the grandeur, the extent, the power of it all. If they can only see it as I would like them to see it! There is an interested one, a bright looking fellow, and right in the middle of the crowd, I hope he is going to stay.

If he will just wait until after the climax!" Of a sudden your voice seems helpless. No matter how loud you call it is impossible to raise it above the din in the street. The traffic, which for the past few minutes has been but an occasional express wagon or a delivery truck, seems to develop instantly into a flood of singing, grinding street cars, of rattling trucks and steel tired freight wagons pounding over stone-paved roadways. This is characteristic of lower Broadway. The conglomerate noises echo and re-echo while the buildings on either side seem to vibrate and re-vibrate as if their tone-frequency had been struck, and sound-box-like they add each new sound to the last until the aggregate is too much for a single voice to over-sound. Struggling determinedly, you manage to hold a few of your group until the thunder of the vehicles has passed, then, with quiet restored, you bring out your final appeal followed by a few announcements: Of free literature obtainable immediately following the closing prayer, of a meeting at the chapel at the corner of Gates and Franklin next Sunday evening at seven thirty, of Books of Mormon open for their inspection after the services. Then prayer.

With the flag rolled up, a few questions answered, and a Book of Mormon sold to the young fellow you had watched through the meeting, you turn your back upon the corner which so short a time ago was the setting of the scene of so many conflicting emotions. Now an enveloping satisfaction fills your whole being. You have done a difficult bit of work, and the joy of its completion rests upon you. You have mastered yourself, placing your duty above all personal desires. You have above all else given a few more of God's children the opportunity to hear a modern day message from Him. Your duties as a watchman to Israel have for a short time been faithfully fulfilled. And with a happiness born of such realization you walk down the street turning into an Automat for a bowl of baked beans and a plate of whole wheat bread.

That night in the quiet of the missionary quarters you place a little "one" mark in the "Open air meeting" column of the missionary weekly report.

This is Fall in Manhattan.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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## The Pledge

Whether balmy breezes blithely blow
And Fair Fortune fondly favors me
As sheeny swells suavely come and go
During our voyage o'er this mortal sea;
Or the waves wax wild in gruesome gale,
Bound with boding blast to grapple in grisly glee
As the wind wrings the mast to rend the sail,
I will not betray the trust from thee!

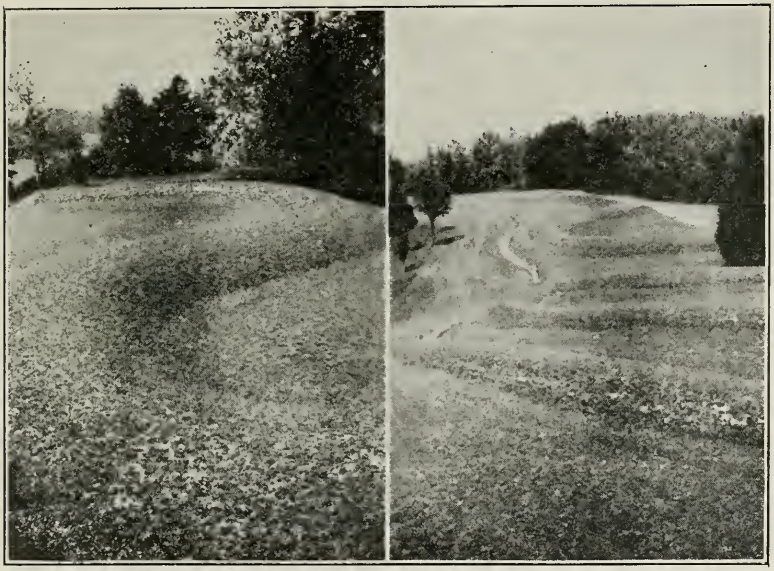
*Chicago, Ill.* ALVIN GLEN HUBBARD

# SOME ANCIENT MOUNDS

By Adelaide Nelson and Bernice Blain

On September 18, 1925, a group of Saints and missionaries from the Ohio Conference made a trip to some of the ancient mounds in the south eastern part of the state. We arrived at Serpent Mound about 10 a. m. It is situated on a high cliff in Serpent Mound Park, Adams county, Ohio.

The mound represents a huge, coiled serpent—its open jaws enclosing a large oval or egg. The serpent is more than 1,300 feet long, twenty feet wide, and from four to five feet high, compiled of



SERPENT MOUND, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO

Left: Looking towards the tail of the serpent; right: Looking towards the head of the serpent. The mound is more than 1,300 feet long, 20 feet wide, and from four to five feet high.

dirt, clay and stones. The egg, or oval, is 120 feet long and sixty feet in its greatest width. Near the center of this enclosed area is a small mound of stones which formerly was much larger. Many of the stones show signs of fire.

Geologists claim that some powerful incentive must have influenced the building of this mound and that a religious motive seems very probable. A well-beaten path follows the coils of the serpent, and from a tower, nearby, one can get a splendid view of the entire structure.

Near the serpent are several small burial mounds. Just northwest is one which later became the site of a village, as shown by ash-beds and buried implements of different kinds. An ancient cemetery has also been discovered nearby where many skeletons have been unearthed.

Many interested people visit the mound daily, and it was not difficult to distribute tracts and sell Books of Mormon to them when they learned that we possessed valuable information concerning the ancient inhabitants of America.

After luncheon in the Park, we left Serpent Mound and journeyed south-east to Fort Hill. This ancient fortfication proved to be of even greater interest to us, being built just like the forts described in the 48th and 50th chapters of Alma in the Book of Mormon. We climbed an almost perpendicular wall surrounding an enclosure of about one hundred acres. Walking along the top of this wall we found openings or entrances of about 225 feet apart. The wall is built of stones and earth containing varieties of soil from various parts of America. Immense forests have grown and mighty oaks have matured and fallen since the ancient inhabitants worked, fought, and fell in battle, on this hill. Numerous mounds resembling graves are found throughout the entire enclosure.

The people in the vicinity pay little attention to these wonderful discoveries, but to us, it is only another striking evidence of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. We came down from Fort Ancient with out testimonies greatly strengthened. On our homeward journey we stopped at the Seip Mound, at Bainbridge, where recently the Archaeological Society of the University of Ohio. has excavated and unearthed four bodies. We picked up several bones from human bodies, also some queer beads which crumbled at our touch.

Shortly after leaving Brainbirdge, we were overtaken by a severe electrical storm and a downpour of rain. We arrived home drenched, but felt repaid by our day's experience. Those in the party were Elder Jay S. Grant, president of the Ohio conference; Brother and Sister Peter Runyon, of Samantha, Ohio; Sister Nellie Ross of Columbus, Ohio; Sister Mary H. Meikle, Adelaide Nelson, Norma Christensen, and Bernice Blain, lady missionaries of the Ohio conference.

*Columbus, Ohio.*

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## Slander

If there's one grievous fault that is worse than another
Its the speaking of evil of friend, or of brother.

And the sting from a slanderous tongue is more baneful
Than is that of an adder, and fully as painful.

For the unkind word spoken is beyond recalling
And each time it's repeated becomes more appalling.

So let us guard carefully our friends' reputation,
For it's worth more to them than the wealth of a nation.

*Mesa, Arizona* MRS. IDA R. ALLDREDGE

# THE SOUL OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas time has come again,
With blessings rich and rare,
Like radio waves, from all our friends,
Tuned in from everywhere.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude,
And life seems fresh and new
Because we share with others,
Their joys and sorrows too.

How grand and glorious is the thought
That, on this Christmas day,
We celebrate unselfishly,
In such a fitting way,

The birth of him who taught us how
To live and happy be,
Through sacrifice and service
And deeds that keep us free

From sorrow, sin or vain regrets,
From harm or ill design,
And to us gave those precious gifts:
His attributes divine.

And then to know the Father
Of such a noble one,
So loved the world he freely gave
His own Begotten Son.

That through obedience to his will,
Life's victory we'll have won,
And hear the Master's welcome words:
"Enter thou in, well done."

The story of the Master's life,
To us has oft been told,
And, like the joy that Christmas brings,
It never does grow old.

Another story you shall hear,
Of rich man's gen'rous giving
To those who did not need his gifts,
Yet praised his selfish living.

He gave a portion of his wealth
To the edifice of Fame ,
That on the front, in gilded form,
He might inscribe his name.

But when the widow came to ask
Favor at his hand,
With children five, to clothe and feed
This little orphan band,

He bade the servants close the door,
No beggar may intrude,
That Christmas Eve he might enjoy
In quiet solitude.

His mansion great with grandeur shone,
Artistic, rich design.
He ate a sumptuous evening meal
And revelled in the wine.

The widow to her home returned,
The night was cold and chilled.
A year-old babe lay at death's door
And her sad heart was filled

With love for those five little ones
O'er whom she watched with care;
And prayed the Lord to bless their lives,
Then helped to grant that prayer.

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The rich man's faithful gardener. a father old and gray,
Had beautified the premises for years at scanty pay.
His home. a little lumber shack, erected over there,
Far from the beauteous garden. the city and its glare.

The gardener and his loving wife were happy as could be.
In serving, giving and helping those in need, unselfishly.
That Christmas Eve, when others slept or revelled in their glee,
They typified our Master's love in deeds of charity.

Through wintry winds and frost and snow, this gardener made his way,
Like Santa Claus to orphan homes, he drove the clouds away.
'Twas nearing midnight's cheerless hour, to the widow's home he came.
He paused a moment at the door, and heard her there proclaim

Her faith in that great unseen Power, that loved ones might not plead
In vain for Santa Claus to come, and bless in time of need.
And Oh, the joy his presence brought, when he came bolting through,
With presents for each chick and child and mother's present, too.

Those little tots would soon awake that Christmas Morn, to find
Their earnest prayers were answered, through faith and love divine.
And while these blessings they enjoyed, that glorious Christmas Eve,
The rich man fell into a sleep—A vision did receive:

He dreamed he died and went beyond to that eternal world;
The just reward to mortal man before him was unfurled.
He passed on through the pearly gates with Vanity and Pride.
An Angel bade him welcome there, offering, as his guide.

To show him all the splendors great, the city rich and grand,
And also gloomy places, too, that he might understand.
They viewed the mansions and the parks, the gardens and the flowers.
He marveled at their grandeurs vast, beyond one's human powers

To ever think or realize how glorious it would be,
To live in such environment, through all Eternity.
They paused at one selected spot where gardens, flowers, trees
And sweetest chimes of singing birds were all designed to please.

A mansion, too, was near complete which nothing could excel.
He told the guide: "I love this best, say, whose is this, pray tell?"
"Your gardener and his wife own this, and soon they'll know the worth
Of all the good which they have done for mortals there on earth.

"Their toils of life are nearly done, and they will soon be free
To mingle with this happy throng, through all Eternity."
They passed on through this land so fair, and came unto a place
Where naught but sorrow and regret marked each unhappy face.

A lumber shack was being built, one lonely man at work;
And he, in careless, shiftless form, His duties seemed to shirk.
"And what is this, pray, may I ask?" the angel, in dismay,
Replied, "I fain would answer this, but I can only say

"That this is your Eternal Home, and this is your reward
For good accomplished while on earth, which justice can afford.
"The architests and builders do the very best they can,
With materials sent to Heaven by every mortal man."

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Awakening from that glorious dream,
He resolved that he would be
A blessed benefactor now
To all humanity.

That Christmas Day was spent by him
In helping those in need.
With happiness the void was filled,
Where once was selfish greed.

So may our thoughts, our words and deeds,
Be such that we can claim
Success and Peace and Happiness,
And Glory to our name.

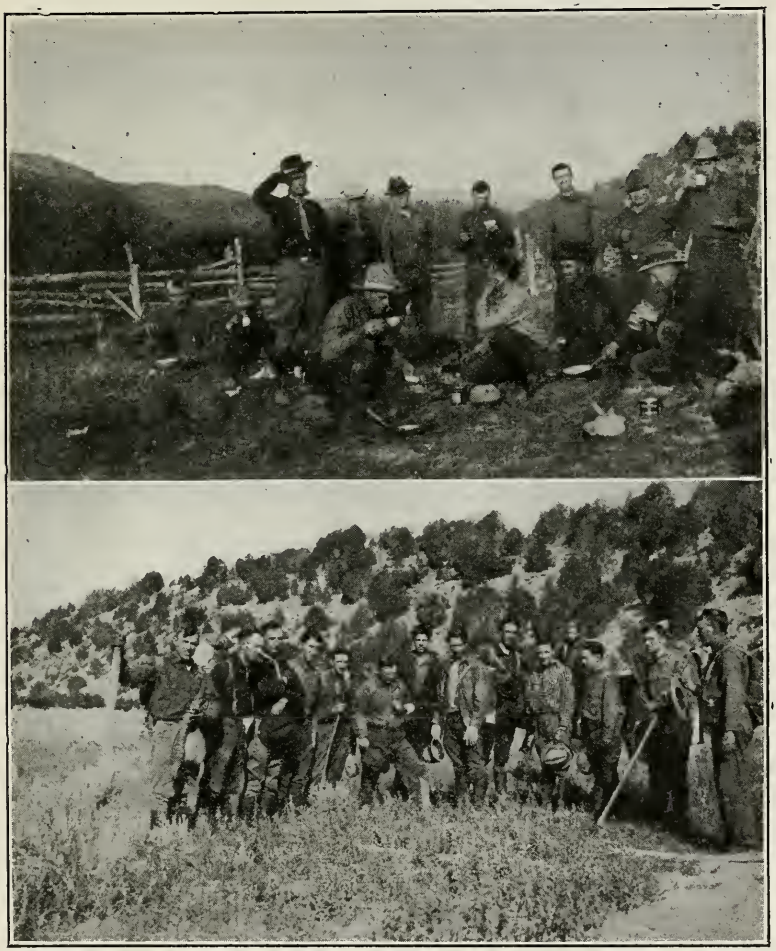
That when the call shall come to us,
To leave this mortal sphere,
We'll live in mansions up above
With those we love so dear.

*Morgan, Utah* JAMES A. ANDERSON

# TRAVERSING UNEXPLORED GORGES

By Edward H. Anderson

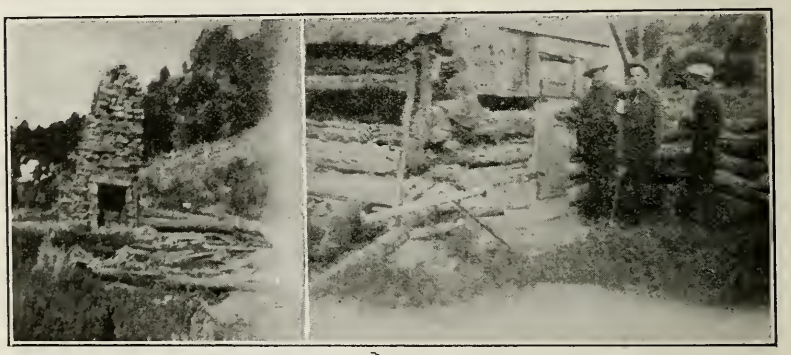
Southern Utah is a wonderful country, undeveloped, and largely unknown and unexplored. New interest, however, is coming to life in its development. This year also has seen new efforts at discovery. A group of thirteen young men of Cedar City, recently spent two and a-half days in an untraversed gorge leading into Zion Canyon,



Top, Showing the first camp at dinner of the thirteen huskies who explored the North Fork of Zion Canyon. Below, The company at the grave of Allen Smith at the head of the North Fork Gorge. Virgin River.

about ten miles above the Union Pacific Hotel and camp. Things are coming into their own down in Southern Utah. There is an awakening to the marvelous beauties as well as to the grandly terrible natural formations of the country thereabouts, that are attracting more and more attention at home and abroad. Not only its natural beauties are being exploited, but also Southern Utah will some day surprise us by its contribution of natural resources in mineral, forest and field, not to mention the inscriptions of ancient races who have carved their crude histories in the rocks and left their dead in the numerous mountain caves.

To those who have stood on the summit of Cedar Canyon and have gazed with wonder from the great plateau of mountain tops lead-



Left, Ruins of the Allen Smith ranch home. Right, Ned Walker's ranch. Around this place the explorers found old threshers and farming machinery. Ned Walker is still living in Cedar City. but sheep herders occupy the old ranch.

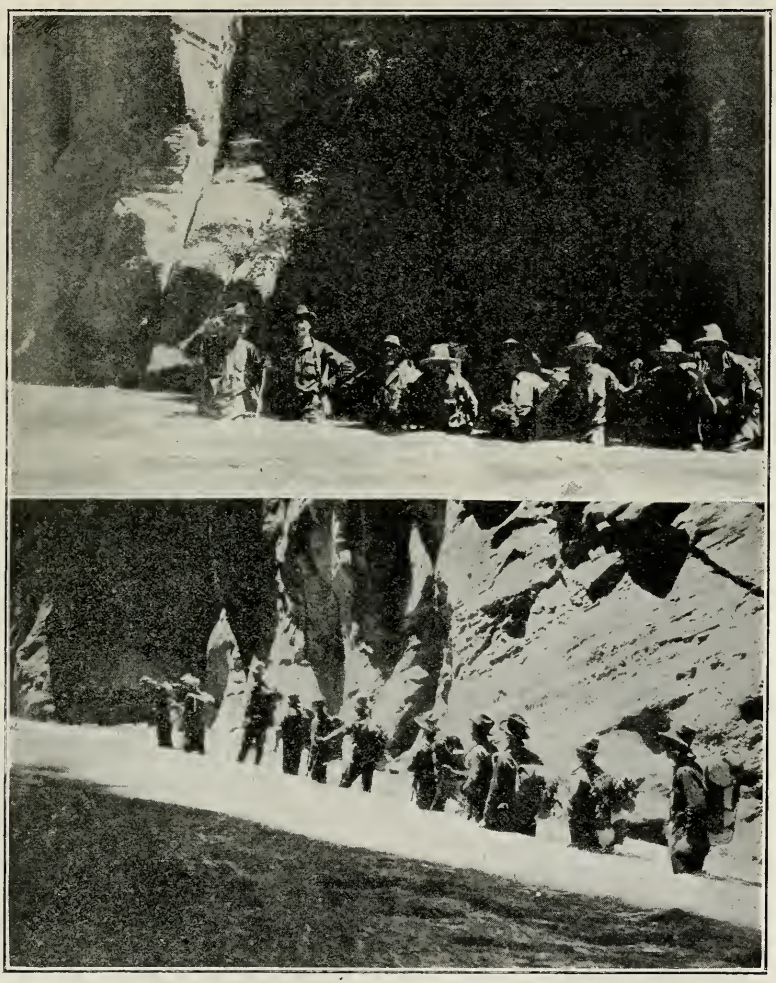
ing south to the unparalleled marvels of the great and wondrous gorge known as Zion Canyon, the story of the recent trip of these thirteen young men of Cedar City proves marvelously interesting.

The names of these explorers, who took two or three days off from their regular work and traveled over these same mountain tops and gorges, are as follows: Moroni J. Urie, Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Parowan stakes; F. C. Braithwaite, scoutmaster; Arthur Morris, Cleo Dix, Frank Petty, Will Flannigan, guide; Arthur Fife, J. Howard Maughn, of the Branch Agricultural College historians; Sam F. Leigh, Wilford Fife, I. T. Nelson, Lamar Graff and Virgine Simkins.

A new and wonderful government road meanders eight or ten thousand feet into the air to the summit of Cedar Breaks. A variety of climate is encountered. The Cedar valley is fresh with the grains and vegetation in late June. But just a comparatively few miles south of Cedar, below the Black Ridge, the grains were harvested and the peaches were being assorted and shipped. But, on the summit of Cedar Breaks, at this time, the aspens were just coming out in leaf,

and drifts of snow in the thickly wooded places were slowly vanishing under the mid-summer sun.

But this is on the beaten track. The company of thirteen spent three days, two months later, in August 21-24, 1925, in passing over



Top, Making their way, in water up to their hips, down the North Fork of Virgin river, Zion Canyon. Below, Making their way down North Fork, Zion Canyon.

unbeaten paths lying on the south of the wonderful government highway. They claim they were the first white people of record to penetrate the North Fork of Zion Canyon and some of its side canyons. From Cedar Canyon thirty-five miles to the head of Dry Valley

they proceeded. A truck carried their supplies. At Dry Valley, they secured a wagon for this purpose and traveled some fifteen miles to Ned Walker's ranch, the story of which, and its inmates, is a thrilling tale by itself. From this ranch to the beginning of the gorge of the North Fork, is a distance of five miles, and from this point, it is from eight to ten miles to where North Fork merges into Zion Canyon, about ten miles above the narrows, or about eleven miles above the new Union Pacific camp.

At the head of this North Fork gorge they stopped at the grave of Allen Smith, a pioneer who settled here in early days, and whose career and that of his family, is one of the thrilling tales of the mountains—a novel in itself.

They found the growth of vegetation on the tops of the mountains glorious to behold. Great fields of black and red raspberries, beautiful mountain flowers, trees and shrubbery of different kinds, greeted the travelers everywhere.

On entering the gorge, they were compelled to wade the river nearly all the way, each man carrying his provision pack of thirty-five pounds on his back. The North Fork is a side canyon of Zion Canyon, and carries about one-third of the waters of the Virgin River.

The gorge is so narrow that there is no place except for the river.

Left, Orderville Gulch. A side sanyon of North Fork in which the company was forced to swim in four particular places. Right, The company seen wading down the North Fork Canyon.

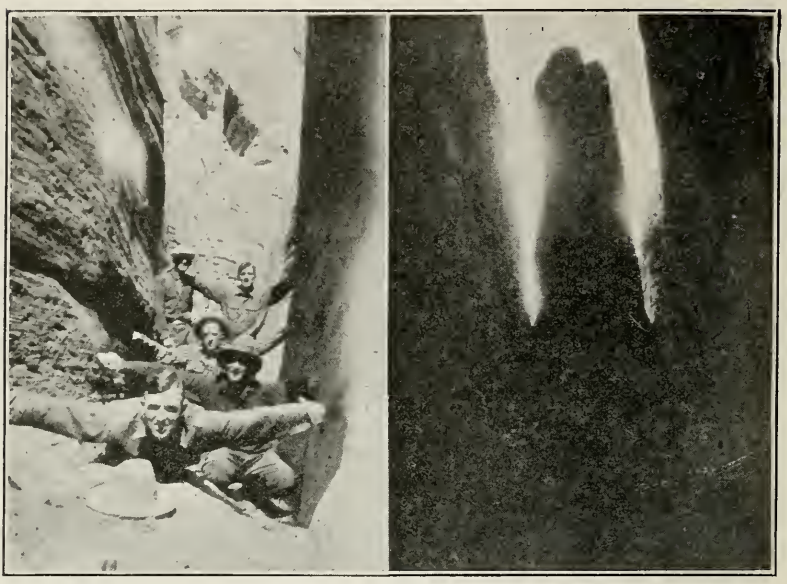
The company had to wade practically all the way. The river bottom in places contained deep holes through which the company had to swim. One of the party was an expert swimmer, hence pioneered the road and piloted the way, searching out the depths. Side gorges were numerous and these were often so narrow that the men's outstretching hands touched both sides of the gorge. The perpendicular walls of solid rock rearing fifteen hundred to two thousand feet into the air. One side gorge which they entered they named, "Spiral Gorge" owing to a spiral formed in the solid rock by the waters from the storms and melting snows. Into this gorge no human being had ever gone before. Reaching the rock above, they climbed upon it as shown in the picture, by placing their feet on one side and their hands on the other, thus raising themselves to the landing above as represented in the remarkable picture.

A remarkable climb. Feet against one wall and hands against the other, in the Spiral Gorge branch of the North Fork.

They entered another side canyon which we will identify as "Orderville Gulch." This they penetrated one and one-half miles. The stream here is not as large as in the North Fork itself, but the water is clear and beautiful. There are also more deep holes in the bed of the stream, and in four places they found holes, reaching to each side of the precipitous walls, so deep that they were forced to swim. At different intervals there are places where, during flood water and rain, little streams form beautiful water-falls which go tumbling down hundreds of feet to join in the narrow gorge and unitedly swelling the waters of the Virgin River. The danger in the gorge during a storm may well be imagined as the water rises to a great height between the narrow walls and sweeps through the gorge with a thunderous roar. In one of the canyons a single stone mololith rises high into space in the center of the gorge, forming a wonderful sight.

The company emerged into the main Zion Canyon above the narrows, about ten miles, leaving the gorge and its side canyons, with an experience that gave a thrill every moment of the time. Superintendent Urie in speaking of the outing said they had determined to try it over again next summer and add new canyons and gorges

to their exploration. The writer was invited to join them in the trip, but after having heard of their experiences on this outing, he courteously declined.



Left, The side canyon of the North Fork. Note the narrowness of the gorge. Right, The one-stone monolith in the side gorge of North Fork.

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## The Heart's Voice Says:

If we put our best into our every day life, only the best will come back to us.

To be happy and maintain a kindly spirit towards our neighbors, we must think sunshiny, generous thoughts.

We fashion our own world. Men will be as we expect them to be. So it behooves us to keep our vision on God.

Let us forget the troubles of yesterday; let us put all our energy into today; it may be the only day that we will ever have.

We need not climb over our neighbor's fence for beauty. Around our own doorstep blooms flowers of love and justice, if we but look through our glasses of understanding.

We do not know anything of life until we have learned that only by sharing our pleasures with others can we ourselves be happy.—*D. C. Retsloff.*

# CHRISTMAS COMES TO WARING HILL

By Mary Hale Woolsey

Seldom did anyone pass by the old Waring place on the hill above Mill City without pausing for a second long look. To the practical mind, there was an interesting contrast between Waring Hill and the smoky, dirty factory town below; but those inclined to sentiment found in the fine old estate a sort of concrete representation of their own ideals. Dignity, gentility, wealth, tradition—those things which ambitious fathers and mothers hope to achieve and to pass on to their posterity, seemed a part of the very atmosphere of Waring Hill.

These December days, when there were holly-wreathes in the windows and evergreen branches twined above the massive white door; when nights brought glimpses of lighted candles and the flickering, rosy glow of pine-log fires—then one would picture a long row of expectant stockings swinging before the fireplace; a tree glittering with tinsel and colored lights and laden with gifts; and the children, and children's children, flocking "home" to the ancestral roof for a happy holiday.

All of which was far from the truth. The holly wreathes were there, and the evergreen, and the candles—because old Myra Kelley, the Waring housekeeper, wanted them there; and because lonely Elizabeth Waring was indifferently willing for Myra to have her way. But all Myra's Christmas enthusiasm could find no justification for a tree; and as for stockings—not for years had there been even one hanging there to invite a rotund Santa Claus down the great brick chimney. For Elizabeth was "the last of the Warings;" and, save for a few servants, lived quite alone in the house whose very walls seemed to plead for voices and laughter; whose gleaming floors seemed meant for the happy patter of skipping, dancing feet.

Amid a stillness broken only by the ticking of the grandfather clock on the stairs and the crackling of the fire, Elizabeth sat at her orderly desk in the orderly living-room, writing checks. One by one, these were put into neatly addressed envelopes, which were then sealed and laid aside. At last the task was completed, and with a sigh she rose and closed the desk.

Myra Kelley, dressed in a dull gray suit and hat which emphasized the extreme plainness of the wearer, waited at the hall door.

"I'm ready, Miss Liz'beth" she announced tonelessly.

"Very well. Here are the checks." Elizabeth's voice was low, soft; had in it a subtle something that betrayed the aristrocrat. "If you wish to shop, you may take as much time as you wish, Myra."

"Thank you, Miss. You're very kind."

From a window, the mistress of Waring Hill stood watching

Myra's course until she had almost disappeared into the cloud of smoke that hung low over Mill City; then turned slowly and settled herself in a big chair of blue brocade near the fireplace.

Sitting there motionless, her hands clasped in her lap, she looked like a lovely old portrait painted by a master hand. The soft firelight set agleam the jeweled comb that adorned her high-piled golden hair; revealed every fine contour of her face, but left undisclosed the lines of severity and sadness which in a stronger light would have marred somewhat her beauty. Her silk dress, with its collar of creamy lace, and dainty hose and slippers, all helped to complete the picture.

Her reverie was broken by the arrival of Dr. Thaddeus Carr, who brought in with him a quantity of crisp winter air and a goodly fund of cheer. As one who feels much at home, he threw his overcoat across the balustrade and came over to the fireplace.

"All fixed up for Christmas, I see," he remarked jovially.

"Myra's doings." Elizabeth's lips curved in a cynical half-smile. "I gave it up long ago."

"Gave up—what?"

"Caring. Making believe. Trying to manufacture a Merry Christmas out of holly leaves and candle-light."

"Elizabeth!"

"Well?" defensively. "That's all it is, Doctor Carr. Christmas—real Christmas—doesn't come any more to Waring Hill."

"No?" he said slowly. "Why, Elizabeth?" And as she shook her head he added with gentle insistence. "There must be a reason, you know."

"I suppose so—but I don't know it, Doctor. Sometimes I think it's being alone; yet Myra is alone, too—and she loves Christmas. And you are alone—of course, you have your work, which leaves you no time for loneliness."

"While you have—?" he suggested.

In sudden restlessness he rose, walked to and fro, from chair to table, to window, as she answered:

"I have this empty house; more money than I can use; an honored name; good health—oh, I can still count my many blessings; but they don't include happiness.

"I feel it most at this season, because Christmas seems the time most completely meant for happiness. To me, it is—mockery!

"Down there—" she was standing at the window, and her gesture indicated the town at the foot of the hill—"down there, Christmas comes unfailingly. The soot and smoke and grime, and ugly dirt and poverty, all combined, don't keep it away. They give, and receive; laugh, and dance; they are rich. While I, up here in my big, clean house, up here where the honest golden sunshine reaches me, having plenty of everything—that is, everything that they haven't!—I am poor.

"Myra thinks it's the giving—the doing for others. There's something else. I've given. I always give—the way that seems best.

Not gifts that one wraps in holly paper and ties with red ribbon—though I used to do that, too; and it didn't help me. The checks always proved so welcome, it seemed the best way for me to give.

"And that's Christmas to me, Doctor Carr." She flung herself into her chair. "A bunch of checks to send out—and the 'trimmings' that Myra insists upon."

Throughout her long speech the doctor had stood with his back to the fire, his hands clasping and unclasping in its pleasant warmth. Now he looked down tenderly upon her beautiful bowed head.

"Then, if giving has failed, Elizabeth—why not try—forgiving?" He spoke very low, but earnestly.

Her eyes met his for an instant with an unspoken question.

"I mean—Tessie." Deliberately, emphatically, he spoke the name that had long been forbidden on Waring Hill.

Again that swift, upward glance. And then she was silent so long that he feared she meant not to answer at all. But at last her reply came, hardly louder than a whisper:

"I can't. Even if I could, I don't see how it would help."

"How can you fail to see?" he burst out; then checked himself and continued more quietly, "What have you against her, Elizabeth? And against her husband? I never knew a finer, cleaner, steadier—"

"He is a Holland," coldly. "The Warings have had no use for the Hollands since Frederick Holland—"

"Since the days of your great-grandfathers, eh?" he interrupted. "Elizabeth, don't you see that you are letting an old, old grudge sour your whole life? Wouldn't it be finer, nobler, to overthrow the old order and open your heart and home to Tessie and Fred?"

"You ask the impossible, Doctor Carr. You forget that I am a Waring, and proud to be one. And the Warings never forget, never forgive. Tessie—why, she broke my father's heart when she married Fred, Doctor. I should be disloyal to him if I should forget that. No, no Holland ever shall be welcome at Waring Hill. Oh! I—I think father would rise up in his grave if that should happen."

Her eyes were raised, as were the Doctor's, to the portrait which hung above the mantel. To look at this picture of Alexander Waring was to understand the stern, proud aristrocracy that was in Elizabeth. It was to think of courtly ceremonies, treasured heirlooms, boasted pedigrees. "Divine rights."

"Pardon me, Elizabeth," Thaddeus Carr said slowly. "I forgot how your father's spirit still lives—in you."

She was silent; her eyes were bent on the flaming logs, and although the Doctor had gone to the hall, she did not look up.

He pulled on his coat; then, hat in hand, came close to her again.

"I am sorry for my outburst, Elizabeth. But I was thinking of your own happiness. You say that Christmas does not come to you. I say that it will come to you when you, when your heart, is ready for it to enter.

"Long ago, Elizabeth, when the Savior was born in Bethlehem, above the hills of old Judea, the angels sang a song that is the secret of Christmas, as well as it was their joyful announcement of his birth. When you have in your heart, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth and good will toward men,' then Christmas will come to you. And it can not come until then."

It was as if he said a prayer for her, and without further word or leavetaking, he turned to go. As the heavy door closed behind him, he heard a stifled sob. It found an echo in his own heart. How he wished that he could rouse Elizabeth, drive her from her stronghold of stubborn, foolish pride, into the sunny valley of charity and love!

After he had left her, she sat for a long time motionless, except for the sobs which she could not quite restrain. She was not thinking of the words which the doctor had spoken; not for those were the tears which Elizabeth Waring could shed, but for Thaddeus Carr himself.

Long years ago, when Elizabeth was twenty and her father called her "the fairest blossom on the Waring tree;" when Thaddeus was merely the ambitious son of a factory worker—then had a mocking fate brought these two together, and one day the rash youth made bold to tell Elizabeth that he loved her.

She flamed in indignation. How dare he, a common laborer's son, have the effrontery to speak of love to a Waring, who was of the elite of the earth?

And Thaddeus, though smarting under the lash of her words, answered calmly, "Well, of course, if that's the way you feel about it—" put on his cap, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and walked away whistling a jaunty air. Left her quivering with wounded pride —to learn through days and weeks and years of heartache, just how willful, how everlasting, how torturous love may be.

But because she was a Waring—because she, like her father, set their family name in a shrine and worshipped it faithfully—she laid on her sacrificial altar her one great love.

And secretly, kept on loving Thaddeus Carr. In time her love came to be as a light, far off, which lighted her way, though that way must lead in another direction; a thing which was her most prized posession but must be cast away from her.

Thaddeus left Mill City, worked his way to an M. D. and a place of high honor in his profession, and came back to his home town to care for his aged parents, with a name which even Alexander Waring spoke with respect. And Elizabeth permitted herself to build rosy air-castles—only to see them fade into nothingness when Dr. Carr showed no remembrance of Waring Hill nor of his early love. When called to attend Mrs. Waring in her long illness, he became the family physician and friend—but nothing more.

The years passed on and on. They took with them the gentle Waring wife and mother; without her the old home became a veritable

palace of gloom, through which there moved a single radiant sunbeam: the petted, praised, humored, but lovable and sweet Tessie Waring, Elizabeth's twelve-years-younger, merry-hearted sister.

Came a day when Tessie Waring and Fred Holland, of the hated "across the valley" Hollands, came hand in hand into the august presence of Tessie's father; declared their love for each other and asked his permission to marry. And listened with upflung heads and unflinching eyes, to his scathing reply:

"You two marry?—a Waring marry a descendant, a namesake, of Frederick Holland? No! A thousand times, no! Rather should a daughter of mine be in her grave, than married to you! Get out of my house, before you defile it! Tessie, go to your room!"

They obeyed him—for the last time. That night the girl stole away to her lover; and when the next morning came, Tessie Waring Holland was the new mistress of Holland House. While over on the Hill, Elizabeth Waring struggled against her grief and promised obedience to her father's tempestuous commands:

"Never, never let me see her again, I tell you! She is no longer my daughter! Do you hear me?—I want never to hear her name again! Nevermore let it be spoken on Waring Hill!"

Over and over, Elizabeth promised. And to make it easier to keep that promise, hardened her own heart against the little sister who had been her greatest joy. She adored her father too blindly to see that his sorrow was less at the loss of a daughter than that a command of his had been disobeyed.

Misfortune came to the young Hollands. Investments failed. Debts piled up. At last Fred and Tessie sold the old House and set out for new fields where opportunities beckoned. The House was made into apartments, the estate covered with cheap cottages; and Alexander Waring seemed really pleased that a curse had overtaken his ancient enemies. Elizabeth tried to follow his example; but once, wondering if Tessie might be in actual need, she sent her a check. It was promptly returned, and relievedly destroyed; after which, to atone for what she felt had been secret disloyalty to her father, Elizabeth devoted herself more completely than ever to the task of carrying out his wishes and comforting his declining days.

So old Alexander never heard Tessie's name again. On Waring Hill it was as if she had never existed. In time, Elizabeth lost all trace of her; and the silence, the dullness, which came with her absence, seemed to have been always a part of the old house.

The time came when Alexander answered the call of the Gray Angel. And Elizabeth was left alone, the last of the Warings. Alone, with her proud name, her wealth, and her sorrowful memories. Alone, carrying out the commands her father had given her. Hating her loneliness as the months grew into years, and she wondered what purpose there could be in living.

Doctor Carr continued to call frequenty, as became an old family

friend; and Elizabeth found herself receiving him with a casual welcome, thankful for his friendship while her whole heart longed for his love.

Steadily, steadily the sands shifted through the hour-glass of time. Eighteen years had passed since young Thaddeus Carr had made avowal of his love and learned how it was scorned. Eight years since lovable, defiant Tessie had cast her lot with love and Fred Holland. Three years since Alexander Waring passed away. Elizabeth was thirty-eight—and here she sat beside her fire, silently weeping at the emptiness of her existence.

At last she roused herself and went from the room without her usual farewell glance at her father's portrait—as if she were ashamed to face it after having given away to her emotion, which did not become a Waring.

Myra returned from town, her homely face alight with holiday cheer. Myra's personal appearance and her position in life were in marked contrast with Elizabeth's; but Myra would not have traded places with the other though Waring Hill had been half the earth.

Some thought of this, no doubt, was in Elizabeth's mind that evening when she suddenly said, in a tone of mingled weariness, curiosity and mockery—

"Tell me, Myra—what is your secret of happiness?"

Myra stared in amazement. The question was the last one in the world which she would have expected.

Elizabeth repeated it, adding, "You must have one. Think. Compare yourself with me; what you have, with what I have. You're happy; I'm not; why?"

After a moment, Myra began to speak slowly, as if she were thinking aloud:

"I see what you mean. You've had a fine home—wonderful parents, friends, money. You've education, you're most too beautiful to seem real. Yet you're unhappy. I had a drunkard for a father, a mother nobody could boast of; never went to school; was called the homeliest girl in three counties and deserved it. I've known poverty, and neglect, and disappointment and sorrow a-plenty. Yet somehow, I've come through, happy. I've had two husbands, been happy with both of 'em, and I think I made 'em both happy. I don't know any secret about it, though—unless it's just that I wouldn't stay unhappy.

"I s'pect that's it, Miss 'Liz'beth. I wouldn't stay unhappy. Being unhappy, I s'pect, is just hanging onto the things that make you so—especially the things you could just as well drop. I dropped 'em—forgot 'em as soon's I could. That's all I could say, I guess, Miss."

"I—I think you have answered my question, Myra—admirably, too." Elizabeth forced a calm, smiling answer. But her mind was in turmoil. Myra had said, "Being unhappy is hanging onto the

things that make you so—especially those you could just as well drop." Doctor Carr had said, "You are letting an old, old grudge sour your life." Hadn't they both said the same thing, in their different ways?

Elizabeth went to bed; lay there in the darkness, pondering over and over the old question—which seemed to lead her in a hopeless circle, always coming back to this: she must not think of Tessie; she had promised her father * * * his commands to remember and obey.

She fell asleep at last * * * wearily.

* * * * * *

Doctor Carr's neat black coupe slowed and stopped at the Waring gate. For a few moments the Doctor sat motionless, leaning over the wheel, while he gazed spectatively at the white door at the other end of the long brick path. Then he glanced down at the child who shared the seat with him—a dimpled, rose-leafed cherub who smiled up at him through eyes as blue as the soft woolen cap and cape which she wore. Beneath the cap tumbled a mass of golden curls; out from the cape, at various angles, peeped soft pink hands and a pair of diminutive, patent-leather-clad feet which wriggled continuously. The doctor caught her up into his arms, smiled ingratiatingly.

"Now, then—who is it that's going to get a big pretty dolly from me?"

A soft gurgling laugh preceded her answer. "I know, Dokker. My name is Adelina Marianna Mayer, isn't it?"

"And no little girl gets a dolly from me if she forgets that her name is Adelina Marianna Mayer, does she?"

"Huh, u-u-uh!" the curls shook decisively.

"Don't forget, Lovely!" he warned, and swung with her out of the car.

Myra opened the door for them. The Doctor met her surprised look with an admonishing gesture, and carried Adelina Marianna into the astonished presence of Elizabeth Waring.

"I—I've brought you a caller, Elizabeth," he began. "A guest of mine for a few days." He seemed suddenly embarrassed. "Would you mind keeping her with you this afternoon?—Becky Billings had to go over to Westborough, so there's no one at home. I—I'm going out into the country and can't well take her—"

"Why, certainly I'll keep her," Elizabeth answered warmly. "What a beautiful child she is!" Mentally she was adding, "How embarrassing he finds it to ask a simple little favor of me!"

The doctor smiled down into the upturned baby face. "Be good, Lovely. Stay with the lady until I come for you. Can you tell her your name?"

A beaming smile chased away the look of shy solemnity, and the little tongue was loosened.

"I know, don't I? My name is Adelina Marianna Mayer, and Dokker is going to bwing me a pwitty dolly!"

Impetuously Elizabeth lifted the child to her lap. "Mercy me!" she laughed. "Do they call you all that?"

The doctor started somewhat as Adelina Marianna answered confidentially.

"Oh, no. My mama calls me 'Sunshine,' and my daddy calls me 'Tweasure.' And you can call me 'Lovely,' like Dokker does. Please, I want my fings tooken off."

Amid the amused laughter, Doctor Carr took his leave, with a contemplative backward glance at the completely absorbed Elizabeth, whose slender fingers were busy with unfamiliar buttons and fastenings.

So began a merry afternoon. "Lovely," sweetly tyrannical as soon as her shyness had been overcome, made Elizabeth her willing slave in no time at all. From an upstairs closet Myra brought a basket containing some long-forgotten dolls and toys over which the little guest squealed with delight. Elizabeth forgot dignity and her thirty-eight years, and entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of play. Until suddenly, pausing in surprise at the sound of her own laughter, she saw that the room was filled with a roseate sunset glow, which presently faded into the gray of early twilight. Where had the hours gone?

The shadows deepened.

"I'm tired," announced "Lovely." "Hold me, lady."

Elizabeth leaned back in her blue chair; Adelina Marianna snuggled down cosily in her lap. Something within the woman's heart stirred strangely as the curly head rested against her breast. Vague dreams—wonderings—

"Sing to me, lady. Like my mama does."

Elizabeth stared blankly. Sing!—what?

"P'ease sing, lady. Can't you sing?"

"I—I don't know"—stammered the "lady."

"Lovely" sat upright. "Don't you?" incredulously. "Don't you know 'Sweet and Low, Wind of a Wessern Sea'? Why, my mama could sing it to me. I want my mama—" her lips began to tremble.

"Oh, Lovely—girl, perhaps I can sing it!" Elizabeth cried. "My mother used to sing that, too!"

The child smiled again as Elizabeth began the old favorite lullaby, a thousand memories rising up as she sang. The words came haltingly, her voice was unsteady; but she went on to the end. Then there was no time for the tears she felt imminent, for her small guest slid to the floor with,

"I'm hungwy. P'ease, I want someping to eat, and some milk to dwink. And nen I'm s'eepy. Can I s'eep in your house, lady?"

An hour later Elizabeth sat beside a long-unused crib in the Waring nursery, (which Myra had made ready while her mistress was overseeing "Lovely's" supper) looking down at the slumbering child

while her heart throbbed with those memories which had come flocking across the span of years, at the call of her mother's evening song.

Presently she shook off the spell and rose to go downstairs. Took a last, long look at the golden head against the pillow. Adelina Marianna! what a name to be foisted upon a child! She formed a swift mental picture of "Lovely's" probable mother: a novel-reading, gum-chewing, kimona-wearing—the picture went away. It didn't fit a mother who sang Tennyson to her babies!

The abandoned toys were still lying on the floor. She began to pick them up * * * What was this in the bottom of the basket? * * * A scrap-book! Her fingers clutched it convulsively, turned the pages. * * *

She had begun it for Tessie. When Tessie was four—a little older than this Adelina Marianna. When clumsy fat fingers had been so eager to handle scissors and paste, and patient sisterly ones sought to teach and guide. The first pictures were roughly cut; gradually the outlines improved. Then here were the pages which Tessie had done by herself one day when big sister was absent. What a mess! Too much paste, every conceivable angle, pictures overlapping each other. And they had skipped a few pages and made a new start. The pages that followed it were so much better than any of those before. * * * A new start!

When Doctor Carr finally came, Elizabeth was sitting in her usual place beside the fire. There were traces of tears on her cheeks. She looked tired and worn. But her first words were an eager plea that Adeline Marianna should remain at Waring Hill over night.

"She's sound asleep; it would be a pity to disturb her."

He hesitated. "Well—"

"Really, I—I wish she didn't have to go, ever," she choked, struggling for self-control. "Tell me about her, Doctor Carr. I mean, about her people. Are they—poor?"

A strange expression crossed his face. "Well, yes—rather. They weren't, though, until recently. The father had a good position until a year ago. Then he suffered a serious breakdown; was in a hospital a long time. Then he went to work too soon, overdid, and landed in the hospital again. All in all, they're pretty hard hit. There are two other children; a boy, seven—fine little chap; and a ten months old baby girl. The mother is almost ill herself, with the worry and the extra work, so I persuaded her to let me keep 'Lovely' awhile."

"Oh, Doctor! Couldn't I help, too? There'd be something I could do—surely I—"

Again the queer expression on the Doctor's face. He rose, stood stroking the back of the easy chair.

"I—I'm afraid you wouldn't care to, Elizabeth. You see, I—"

"Why, Doctor! I'd love to! I'd do anything for that darling child! I simply fell in love with her! I—I'd like to know her

mother—" she stopped abruptly. Why was Doctor Carr looking at her so queerly?

"Would you?" he said huskily. "You—you do—or did. 'Lovely' is—er—a relative of yours."

She sprang to her feet.

"I took an unfair advantage, Elizabeth. But I wanted you to see her. I meant to tell you sometime. Tessie doesn't know I brought her—"

"You mean—that this baby is—is—"

"Your sister's daughter. Elizabeth—doesn't your heart ever tell you anything?"

She had sunk back into her chair.

"Tessie's baby!" she whispered. "I never knew she had one—and there are three—oh! why didn't some one tell me?"

"You said you didn't want to hear—" came the Doctor's gentle reminder.

"Yes—I know—I had to, because I promised father! But I did want to hear of her—to see her—but it was father's command—what shall I do?" in a panic she looked up at the portrait, as if almost fearful of its wrath.

A joyful light broke over Dr. Carr's face.

"So that's the way of it!" He took her hand gently. "Elizabeth, didn't you ever stop to think about obeying the greatest Commander of all?"

She looked up, startled.

"Yes," he went on, "the One who said, 'Love one another.' Isn't it time you should acknowledge a little glory to someone besides the Warings?"

Slowly she grasped the full meaning of his words. Why—she had been not even a Christian!

"Oh! What have I been doing? I never once thought—And father knows, now—" her eyes sought the picture again. "Over There, he has learned that, too. Oh, I want them—I'll make it up to them! But will they let me—Fred and Tessie? After all this, will they—how can they—forgive me?"

"They've never held anything against you, Elizabeth. I think they understood."

"How can I believe that?" incredulously.

"Here's how!" came his triumphant answer. "This little girl upstairs—I bribed her to tell you her name was Adelina Marianna—don't you see? Her name is Elizabeth Waring Holland. Isn't that proof?"

"Thad!" she forgot the formal title, slipped back to the old name of the long-ago. "Myra, Myra—come here! Tell her, Thad!"

And then she put her head down onto Myra Kelley's rugged

breast, and sobbed out the bitterness and grief and heartache which she had held back for so many years.

At last she lifted her face, shining with glad resolution.

"Thad, take me to them—now! I can't wait—you will take me, won't you? And help me to bring them here—home!—for Christmas!"

So Waring Hill came into its own once more. Happy voices through the festive rooms. Busy feet, dancing feet, over the gleaming floors. Passersby glimpsed it, and went on their way quite certain that Waring Hill was the very counterpart of all their dreams. Dignity, gentility, wealth, beauty, tradition, happiness—all were there.

There was no sadness in Elizabeth Waring's heart that Christmas Eve. There were too many happy things to do. Stockings to be wrapped in holly paper and tied with red ribbon. Stockings to be hung by the fireplace. A tree to be decorated—how the moments flew! The old grandfather clock must be running away with itself!

Dr. Carr "dropped in," and looked so longingly at the various activities that before Elizabeth knew what she was doing, she had invited him to "take a hand." He accepted joyfully.

Late in the evening the two found themselves alone, working at the tree. Then it was that the doctor turned to "the last of the Warings," and said:

"And Christmas is really coming back to Waring Hill, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered radiantly, "just as you said. You—you taught me the secret, Thaddeus."

His next words were irrelevant: "Elizabeth, you grow more beautiful all the time. You are even more beautiful than you were long ago, when we—"

Her heart leaped. "I—I thought you'd forgotten all that—" she said, a trifle wildly."

"No—not forgotten. Just laid away—because I couldn't change facts. I've always loved you—but I'm only—a working-man's son—"

"Don't!" she cried. "I've been such a fool—"

It was his turn to silence her.

"Anyway, that's all changed now," he said. "I wonder * * Elizabeth, would it be too late?"

"No—no—not too late, Thad," she whispered—and slipped into his arms."

A little later, she turned from him, listening.

"The carollers!" she exclaimed.

"Bringing Christmas to Waring Hill," he added.

Someone flung the door wide. And clear and sweet through the frosty air came the voices of the Christmas singers, in heart-stirring melodies breathed across the snow.

*Salt Lake City, Utah*

# Birthright Royal

"The sun was never gold before," I thought—"Pure gold!"
Wave-topped, a million diamonds shone;
The sheen of grass was like the last soft strains of song
That linger hauntingly;
Sweet as baby lisping breathed the blossom-laden tree;
"O God, who made so fair a world,
Surely you made me!"

The silence and my reverie were broken by a voice:
"I cannot find the bridge-rail; will someone lend a hand?"
I turned and saw her sightless eyes:
O little sister, bent and gray,
How bereft your way!

She could not see the blossoms, though she breathed their
perfume rare:
She could not see the sunset, though she felt the soft, warm air;
She took my hand and held it till we reached the rail at last,
And her fingers ceased to tremble within my steady clasp.
I wore an Easter bonnet with a rose and frill of lace,
But she did not know its freshness, for she could not see
my face.

"Where thou dwellest, Father, the sun must be of gold"—
I thought,
When she who could not see the light
Had gone upon her way—"Real gold!
Brighter far than diamonds
Must be thy sparkling wave;
The velvet sheen upon thy grass must be of Angel's wings;
And the trees must burst with blossoms
Where the Master sings!"

I cannot see his blossoms, but I feel their perfume rare;
I cannot see his sunset, but I sense a radiance there;
He takes my hand and holds it when mortal strength is past,
And I feel his power sustaining, tangible as human clasp.
Lo! though mine eyes are blinded, I feel his majesty;
O God, who made the sunset's gold, surely you made me!
I care not how you shaped this flesh, Creator of my race,
But I feel you are my Father, though I cannot see your face.

*Rick's College, Idaho.* BLANCH KENDALL MCKEY.

# THE BOY WHO CALLED WOLF

By Glen Perrins.

I was in a hurry, as I jerked the receiver from the phone—

"Yes, I saw her dress—the length of it was simply scandalous—"

"Widow Jenkins on the line again," I muttered, "and she'll stay there a year—how'll I ever get her off."

Suddenly I had it.

"Fire! fire," I shouted into the mouth-piece. "The house is on fire! Hang up quick, I want central!"

"Heavens!" I heard Widow Jenkins ejaculate. "Good-bye, Mirandi." And the phone went up with a bang.

"Clever idea; eh, Momsey?" I called out to mother in the kitchen. "Sure got them off the wire in a hurry that time."

"You mustn't do it, Jimmy," cautioned mother—"you'll frighten the old ladies to death, and besides, you know, you told a lie—there isn't a fire."

"Sure there is, Momsey dear—in the stove. Now I can get Fred on the phone—there was no chance for half an hour before."

Mother said something about it not being right, and that some day I'd be sorry, or something—but I was too busy phoning to listen. Had I known what was going to happen a few weeks later, however, I would certainly have paid more attention to mother.

But I did not, and after that incident, whenever I wanted the line, I'd yell: "Fire! fire! the house is on fire," and right away I'd get the phone all to myself. I thought it was a very clever idea—that is, until one sad day. I shudder at what might have happened then, even today.

A week or so had perhaps gone by when, one afternoon, as I sat quietly reading in the parlor, I heard a terrible explosion in the kitchen.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," cried mother. "Hurry, hurry! call the fire department—the gasoline I was ironing with has caught on fire!"

I rushed to the phone, and too excited to think of the number, I yelled into the mouth-piece:

"Fire! fire! the house is on fire—hang up quick! I want central!"

"Keep quiet, young man," was the sickening reply—Widow Jenkins was on the phone. "We've had enough of your 'fires' lately. Wait your turn this time."

Horrors! My heart sank to the floor. What had my "clever" habit done?

"But the house really is on fire!" I fairly shouted. "Hang up quickly!"

"Wait until evening for your bedtime stories young man!" came the reply. "Hang up, yourself."

It was no use to say more. I rushed madly from the house and to the nearest fire box, a block or so away. Minutes were flying by. Considerably more time was being lost than if I could have phoned. I thought the house would certainly be burned down before the fire department could reach it. What would "Momsy" think of me?

But the firemen hurried. It was a small blaze, luckily, and was quickly put out.

Mother did not scold me. The damage I had caused, she thought, had punished me enough. I believe to this day it did. Whether or not Widow Jenkins was "cured" of holding a conversation party on the phone, I do not know. She found out about the fire later. I, for one, however, was completely "cured" of "calling wolf."

Never again. If the line's busy—well—it's busy, that's all.

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## The Gifts of the Giver

Great Giver of all gifts, thee would I thank
For all the joys of thy great universe,
For gorgeous sunset glow, for mossy bank
By gurgling stream, where laughing waves converse;
For lofty mountain heights of purple hue,
Symbol of strength and faith, and high ideals,
And for thy cloud-flecked sky of royal blue;
For vivid lightning's flash and thunder's peal,
For dew-wet sweetness of the rosy dawn,
For twilight's glow, like soul's beautitude
That steals o'er earth when busy day is done.

I thank thee for the bird who stills her brood
Of hungry little ones that nestle down
Beneath the downy softness of her breast,—
For blue-bird's song—o'er-head and all around.
From leafy trees and sapphire sky we're blessed
With music from a thousand singing throats
Of joyous little people of the air.
I thank thee for the silv'ry moon—a boat
That fills e'en starless sky with beauty rare.
These all are blessings rich and wonderful.

But, Father, dear, more wouldst I thank thee for
The love that makes e'er dull days beautiful,
The faith that makes me strive for evermore
To thankful be for thee, Great Sire Divine;
To worthy be of all thy blessed gifts,
The greatest, Lord, that life eternal's mine.
Oh help thou me, Great Giver of all gifts!

*Scipio, Utah.* NONA H. BROWN

# POSTPONE YOUR FUNERAL

By James H. Wallis, Executive Secretary Utah Public Health Association

There is nothing surer in life than the fact that we must all die. There is no greater fallacy, however, than that embodied in the oft-heard proposition, "The good die young." There isn't any reason why anybody should die young unless he dies of an unpreventable accident. Statistics show that most people could live to a ripe old age if they themselves and their communities exercised the proper care for individual and public health. In other words, it is a perfectly easy matter, provided one wishes to pay the cost of postponing the date of his own funeral.

Records of the United States Bureau of the Census, insurance companies and others that have made a study of the subject show that considerably over ninety percent of the people who die are taken away by accidents or diseases that are in themselves easily preventable. More than eighty-five percent of the deaths occur before the age of seventy-five.

There comes to mind at once dozens of ways in which human life could be saved and prolonged. It is safe to say, for instance, that practically all the accidents in industry and on the street are preventable. Such diseases as typhoid fever, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria, influenza, infantile diarrhea, and tuberculosis also are preventable and can be eliminated or reduced to a comparative minimum. And yet 100,000 persons died from tuberculosis alone last year in the United States and reliable estimates indicate that there are nearly one million active cases of this disease at the present time in this country. If tuberculosis as a cause of death could be eliminated it would of itself add on an average two and one-half years to the life of every man, woman and child in the country.

Broadly speaking, in order to postpone your funeral and in order to set the date well on into the three score and ten, two lines of action are necessary. First, there must be a very definite attention on your part to matters dealing with your own health and the care of your body—that group of health measures that are called personal hygiene. In the second place, there must be a very definite cooperation with you on the part of every citizen in the community in promoting those measures that make for public or community health. The first group of activities involves you as an individual. The second involves you as a citizen.

In the first group of activities, the things you eat are probably of the greatest importance. Food of various kinds is the fuel that builds and nourishes the body and that provides the energy with which

we work. Whole libraries of books have been written on the subject of food. There are thousands of fads running all the way from the eat-and-grow-fat to the eat-and-grow-thin variety. There are people who must chew their food so many minutes and there are others that advocate gulping it down with plenty of water. There are those who say eat only vegetables, and others who say eat only meat. Some advise living on mild and liquid food, and some only on solid food. In the mass of advice the average individual is apt to be bewildered unless he uses his own common sense.

In general, however, it is pretty well to observe these few broad rules: First of all, avoid eating too much. Most persons do not heed this rule. The greatest danger is not that we will lack nourishment, but that we will get too much food. Of course, the man who does vigorous physical exercise ought to eat more than the man or woman who sits at a desk or does nothing in the way of vigorous exercise. The amount of food will depend on the amount of physical work being done. Secondly, do not eat too much meat and eggs. A certain amount of meat and eggs with a good mixture of vegetables, particularly the green and bulky kind, are desirable. We eat all too little foods like lettuce, spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, onions, carrots, parsnips and tomatoes, and are apt to eat too much of the more solid starchy foods. Thirdly, eat varieties of food. Do not stick to one kind of diet. Use good common sense and your own taste. Be sure to drink a great deal of water; at least six glasses a day. You will probably not get too much even if you drink a gallon or more a day. And be sure to eat slowly, never gulping down food without chewing. The stomach and the intestines have no teeth. The food must be chewed in the mouth before it is swallowed.

Next to food, probably the most important rules of health deal with rest and exercise. The human body requires rest just the same as any machine. It is, in fact, the most delicately adjusted piece of machinery that there is in the universe. It cannot run twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. There should be a balance of rest and exercise, both physical and mental. Definite rules cannot be prescribed for everyone. It depends upon the individual and upon his work and habits to a certain extent. Generally speaking, eight hours' play, eight hours' work and eight hours' sleep is a pretty fair division of the twenty-four-hour day. When one works twelve or fourteen hours, or plays fourteen or fifteen hours, he is apt to be burning the candle at both ends, and the result will soon show itself in the wearing out or breaking down of certain parts of the human machine.

Cleanliness is akin to godliness. Clean bodies outside and inside are essential. The skilled mechanic does not allow his machine to become clogged with grease and dirt. He oils and scours and cleans it.

Similarly, the human body needs the same type of attention. It must be clean on the outside surface and on the inside surface. This is done by the application of water and by proper attention to diet. The man or woman who lives right and observes the proper rules of health need not worry as a general rule about proper regulation of the bowels. The human machine will take care of that. It requires care, however, not only to diet, but to rest, to exercise and the rules of health.

Another general rule for health that might be laid down might be labeled "fresh air." Air is not only the breath of life; it is the stimulator of life. The only real, pure air there is, is outdoor air. Any kind of inside air is more or less impure. Consequently, living outdoors, sleeping outdoors and playing outdoors are all essentials to human health. We cannot do all of these things all the time, but we can do all of them some of the time. The amount of fresh, outside air that the human body gets both on its surface and through its lungs determines to a very large extent the length of life and human vitality.

A final rule of health is this—Be overhauled by a competent physician at least once a year. No thinking man runs his automobile year after year without overhauling it. In fact, he could not do so. It would break down. Any kind of machine needs overhauling after a certain amount of use. So does the human body. A periodical overhauling not only discovers defects and impairments in time to remedy them, but it also points out what correction of habits are necessary in order to prevent the development of possible defects that may not yet appear,

To sum it all up, one's health is largely in his own hands by proper attention to the rules of health, barring community accidents which we cannot as individuals control, but which as citizens we can help to control. Everybody ought to live his allotted three score and ten and then some more.

The greatst little health advertiser ever invented—the Christmas Seal, has done much in the great program of health. It will soon be on sale at one cent each. The proceeds from this sale go to teach the boys and girls, and men and women how to live long and how they may postpone their funerals. You will be asked to buy Christmas seals. The amount of our support will to some degree indicate your own interest in your health and in the health of your family. The need is great, the opportunity is greater.

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*A number of men* were reporting in their Quorum on the harmony existing in their homes.

John was reporting and stated that he and his wife were always in perfect unity. "If, for example, we are decorating the house and my wife prefers a red color, and I prefer a more modest gray, we compromise by choosing red."

# CITIZENSHIP AND RELIGION

By Lamont Johnson.

It has always been a favorite cry with enemies of "Mormonism" to charge it with national disloyalty and to seek to discredit our Church organization as being motivated by strictly sectarian and unpatriotic desires.

In view of the intense unpopularity which Joseph Smith and his followers endured; of the vast unfavoritism which was their lot to suffer from the prejudiced opponents of their belief, such a charge naturally would have been included in the siege of hatred and antagonism so conspiculously arrayed against "Mormonism."

During the imperilled years of Joseph Smith's teaching of the restored gospel, and his endowed regency in instituting and carrying on the work of God for the benefit and salvation of mankind, no charge was too vile, no threat too severe for his impassioned foes to raise in their determination to subdue and abolish "Mormonism." Persecution has always been the tragic lot of prophets to endure, so it was only consistent with the traditional ways of moral blindness and intellectual egotism for a misguided humanity to stir itself in revolt against that which sought to reveal to the world its evils and to place on the throne of idealism the truth which God himself declared.

Time alone can vindicate a righteous people from the false charge of religious infidelity and disloyalty to the sacred principles by which they are protected. Latter-day Saints have endured well the blasphemy heaped upon them since the restored gospel of Christ was placed in their care. Now the voice of common justice is being listened to wherever "Mormon" doctrine is concerned. Right will prevail and an understanding of the creed which Joseph Smith proclaimed will continue to establish itself as a firm, enduring principle in influential as well as humble circles of world thought and enterprise. The charge of unpatriotism is too flagrantly inimical to the facts surrounding "Mormonism" and its true history to require refutation in the attention of reason-guided people.

Religion is the greatest and most essential of all spiritual qualities in a nation. As obedience, duty, justice, loyalty, hope and individual integrity are the fundamental elements necessary to the growth of national character, so are they inherently the basic principles by which a true religion can be permanently directed and protected.

When analyzed in the light of truth, the history of "Mormonism" reveals a close and consistent adherence to the laws of our federal government. Through all its persecutions it did still retain a firm faith in the divine inspiration emanating, as the purpose of God, from the national constitution; and through all the disgraceful series of crimes

and abominations committed against it, even, at times, in the name of that government, it did yet hold true to the conviction that retaliation is not the way for obtaining favor in the eyes of God.

When, on occasion, prudence has dictated the wisdom of complying with congressional laws, citizenship was not violated by the Church leadership in opposing the order. Contrarily, "Mormonism" as a church organization holds it to be a sacred obligation on the part of every citizen to comply with the laws of that government by which its freedom is made secure. No alternative is justified for his claiming fullest protection from encroachments on his privileges.

"Mormon" religion considers it a part of worthy membership to remain true to the ideals our political fathers embodied in the constitution and to defend by creed and conduct the divine faith which inspired the birth of the United States government. Upon us in particular, because we hold it as a part of God's direct purpose in bringing about the discovery of America and the establishment of the United States as a power among nations, it is obligatory to contribute to our country the finest sense of devotion and service of which intelligence makes us capable. In this way only can we as individuals do our whole part in rendering complete "Mormon" fulfilment of its obligations as the Church of all churches and the medium for divine direction of human affairs.

Thus is good citizenship connected with "Mormonism"—a relationship that is binding because the fundamentals of religion and citizenship are identical and mutually essential to our spiritual advancement. The authorities directing both are, in our faith, analogous and singular in the greater, diviner plan of human spiritualization.

*Huntington, Utah.*

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# CULTURE—MUSIC

By Charles Kent.

Culture is education's noblest achievement, but culture is not confined to specialized performance, it admits of universal participation through appreciation. Unless we except the basic social art, language, there is no subject comparable with music in its universal appeal. Music is a fundamental emotional expression of the race, and this has a place today, as always, in alleviating or heightening emotional life. Music is rhythmic, more completely and variably than any other art. We are realizing more and more that all life is based on rhythm; we shall yet learn the basic connection between music and health. Music is social, hence capable as a means of developing mutual respect and helpfulness which are fundamental in a democracy. This heritage of

every individual, and in all times, has been the chief agency through which man has given expression to longings, aspirations, depression, loves, and other fundamental emotions. Man has always erected temples in which he might express his conception of the sublime and the beautiful, and in this self-expression, music has always had an indispensable part. There can be no doubt that the appreciation for music in America has grown to such proportions that it has become a national need. We must give full credit to the early pioneers who brought with them love of home, of church, of political freedom, and of all noble achievements of civilization. It was from their ranks that many of our musical institutions and organizations received support and inspiration. What we need is a system of theory that will interest the pupil; one whereby he can write little compositions, get results, stimulate his love for good music, arouse a spirit of enthusiasm in him, and have him gasping for more. How wonderful it would be if some theorist could devise a system whereby such a heavenly short-cut to accomplishment could be made: Just open the book to page one and write a delightful ditty.

*Rock Springs, Wyo.*

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## In Tune With The Infinite

Isn't it wonderful that when a player picks E on his mandolin, the E strings on all others within range of the sound lift up their voices in answer to the note? The strings have life, and each is tuned to catch and comprehend the sob or song of others in its key.

Thus the human soul reacts to that with which it is in tune. Knowing the babe as Christ, Simeon (Luke 2:25-31) blesses God for his plan. The poet enjoys the whisper of the sparkling brook and the whisper of the breeze. The scandal-monger gloats in gossip's hateful tale of woe. The sorceress hears weird murmurings of evil spirits, while fiends take and give the pass signs of their kind.

Some day, however, all will respond to what is best to hear: the Lord (Joel 2:28) will pour out his Spirit on all flesh; the world will be in tune with the Infinite!—ALVIN GLEN HUBBARD.

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## Bits of Philosophy

Success is easier to win than to endure.

Sweetness of disposition comes from meekness.

The best of us are not much better than the rest of us.

The development of fine character is the highest human achievement.

An odd person is one who does the odd things we do differently from the way we do them.

A fool is a fellow who trades the prospects of a life of honorable happiness for the reckless fun of today.—*Nephi Jensen*

# IMPORTANCE OF TEMPLE WORK AND TITHING

By Joseph A. West

In a former article on tithing I spoke of the favorable change of religious opinion toward this law of the gospel, and the efforts of some of the churches to adopt it, although lacking in method of payment and a divinely authorized agency through which to collect and distribute the same, I referred to temporal blessings resulting to those not of our faith from its observance as set forth in different issues of the *Literary Digest*, for it must be remembered that the Lord rewards all men, of whatever sect, race, age or nationality, according to their works, more especially so, if they live up to the true light when it comes to them.

Tithing was shown to be a law given to both ancient and modern Israel, in which the manner of its payment and distribution, and the purpose for which it is used, is clearly defined. I also called attention to the wonderful fulfilment of the prophecy and promise of President Lorenzo Snow to the people of Dixie, and to the Church and Saints in general, if they would pay their tithing, and to the temporal and spiritual blessings individually obtained by the Latter-day-Saints who observe this law, and how tithing gives vitality to the various activities of the Church, mentioning temple work, especially in its application to the salvation of the dead who have had no opportunity to receive the gospel in mortality. This latter subject I wish to further discuss.

### *Salvation for the Dead.*

None of the religious denominations of the world, except the Latter-day-Saints, make any provision by which the salvation of the mighty hosts of unnumbered dead can be accomplished. To judge them by a law of which they have no knowledge, would be manifestly unjust.

I will here briefly state God's plan for the redemption of the dead. According to this, man has four estates, viz: the pre-existent one, the life through which we are now passing, life in the spirit world, and the resurrected life in which man will live forever.

After life, what we call death is but a continuation of life here, in which the spirit, the life and intelligence of man, lives on with the wisdom, knowledge and experience of this life indellibly stamped upon it; "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believes (Rom. 1:16) and obeys its precepts, both in this life and that which is to come, and those to whom it has not been accessible here, must have it declared unto them in the spirit world," so that they may "live according to God in the spirit and be judged according to men in the flesh." (1 Peter 4-6.) Our great Redeemer

went and preached to the spirits in prison which * * * were disobedient in the days of Noah. (1 Peter 4-6.) And not only opened a great gospel dispensation to them, but to all of God's children who might enter there without a knowledge of the plan of salvation. The Savior had this in mind when he said, "The hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that hear shall live." Lest he might be misunderstood he emphasized it by saying: 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all who are in their graves shall hear his voice." (John 5: 25, 28.) All the faithful members of the Church in ages past, and in this dispensation, who have entered the spirit world, have been busily engaged preaching the gospel, and now have countless millions, converted thereto who only await the vicarious work of the living to become members "of the Church of the First Born" and enjoy all the benefits thereof. "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are ye then baptized for the dead?" (1 Cor. 15:29.) Water, into which all must be immersed in likeness of Christ's death and resurrection, being an earthly element, baptism necessarily becomes an earthly ordinance and must be vicariously performed by those who dwell in mortality.

To those who may object to vicarious work for the dead, we need only remind them that the whole plan of salvation is based upon vicarious work—Christ's great atonement, the work of one, being for the redemption of all mankind both living and dead.

*Work for the Dead Can Only be Done in Temples.*

While in the days of their proverty, the Saints were permitted to baptize for the dead in the Mississippi river, the Lord now requires that such work be done in temples especially built for, and dedicated to this sacred service; hence he has said in modern revelation that in all dispensations he has required his people to build temples to his holy Name.

*Divine Authority*

During the early ministry of the prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord not only revealed to him the plan of the dead's redemption, but also gave him divine authority to build temples according to God's design and to administer all the ordinances therein that are necessary for the salvation of both the living and the dead. This authority was conferred, by him, upon his successor, Brigham Young, and has since been transmitted to each of the succeeding presidents of the Church and now resides with President Heber J. Grant.

*Temples Built by the Latter-day-Saints.*

On the 27th of December, 1832, the Saints were commanded of the Lord in the following words, to build a temple at Kirtland, Ohio:

"Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a

house ,even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God." Doc. and Cov. 88:119, 120. "It may be done according to the plan which God has given unto us." Doc. and Cov., Sec. 94, and which he says, in another revelation. "My people are always commanded to build." Doc. and Cov. 124:39.

This was less than three years after the organization of the Church. It was completed at an approximate cost of $200,000 and dedicated on the 27th. of March, 1836, and still stands as a monument of the faith, obedience and unity of the Latter-day-Saints. In it were given some of the most glorious visions that were ever given to any age or people. In the preface to the divine manifestations which occurred on Sunday, April 3, 1836, the prophet says:

"In the afternoon, I assisted the other presidents in distributing the Lord's Supper to the Church, receiving it from the Twelve, whose privilege it was to officiate at the sacred desk this day. * * * After rising from prayer, the following vision was opened to both of us."

He then describes, in beautiful language, the wonderful appearance of Jesus Christ, followed by that of Moses who committed unto them the keys of the gathering of Israel in the latter days; the visit of Elias, who committed unto them the keys of the gospel of Abraham; and the visit of Elijah who committed to them certain keys relating to the work for the dead, heretofore referred to, a full account of which will be found in the 110th section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

The next temple to be built was at Nauvoo, Illinois, although two other temple sites previously had been dedicated, one at Independence and another at Far West, both in the state of Missouri. The Nauvoo Temple is estimated to have cost a million dollars and was dedicated on the second day of May, 1846. Soon after it had to be abandoned, because of persecution; not, however, until all the temple ordinances appertaining to the living and the dead had been conferred upon many of the leading brethren and sisters of the Church

Soon after the arrival of the Pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young, in walking over the present site of Salt Lake City, came to a spot where the Salt Lake temple now stands, and, striking his cane to the ground said, "Here will we build a temple to the Lord." We are told that he beheld the temple there several times, and that the one completed on that very spot is like the one he saw; it was dedicated forty years afterward at a cost of four millions of dollars. It has six towers instead of one as had the former temples. Prior to the completion of the Salt Lake temple, however, three other temples were built, one at Saint George, Utah, one at Logan, Utah, and one at Manti, Utah, all costing in the aggregate, $2,800,000. Since then a temple has been built in the Hawaiian Islands, another at Cardston, Canada, and another is now being constructed at Mesa, Arizona, all at a cost of hundreds of thousands.

Thus we see that the commandment which the Lord says, "He always gives to his people to build a temple to his Holy name has

been many times fulfilled in the history and experience of the Latter-day-Saints, for their paths in Utah and the lands they have occupied have been plentifully dotted with them.

*Temple Work Being Done*

In ordinations to the Priesthood, Baptisms, Endowments, and Sealings, mainly for the dead, a total of 952,854 ordinances were performed in 1924.

This record has been steadily increasing from the time the work first began. Ordinations to the Priesthood in behalf of the deceased are made in the temples. By the endowments, the fulness of the Priesthood is conferred, and by the sealing ordinance, husbands and wives, who in life have only been married for time, are bound together in an eternal union. Their children are also sealed to them in like manner and the family relationship, the source of our greatest earthly happiness, are forever perpetuated. These ordinances being performed for the living and the dead by those having divine authority, constitute the *welding link* between the fathers and the children that the prophet Joseph said was so important and without which neither they nor us could become perfect.

*Fulfilment of Prophecy.*

In the building of the many magnificent temples, in which alone the Lord says this work can be done, and the great vicarious service therein performed, we witness the fulfilment of the promise of Malachi that "Elijah would turn the hearts of the children to their fathers." For surely the Latter-day-Saints, in the great work they have accomplished at the cost of so many millions of dollars, have remembered their fathers in a glorious and most commendable manner, and their hearts have turned to them with over-flowing love and inexpressible joy as the work has been performed. We may also be fully assured that the hearts of the fathers have been turned in loving gratitude to those of their children who have performed for them this precious and wonderful work. Their hearts have also been turned to their children, not of our faith, and their influence exercised in inspiring them to prepare and publish, since the visit of Elijah, the many excellent genealogies, without which, little of the work for the dead could be done.

But with all this service thus performed, the co-operation of those behind the veil and the help of our heavenly Father, I would ask how much of it could be done without the tithing of the Latter-day-Saints? Should not the very contemplation of its far reaching importance and grandeur inspire the Saints with renewed diligence in the faithful payment of their tithing. If not let them read the sublime closing words of the prophet Joseph Smith, written from retirement just before his martrydom, as contained in the 128th section

of the Doctrine and Covenants from which the following extracts have been taken:

"Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness; A voice of mercy from heaven; A voice of truth from the earth; A voice of gladness for the living and the dead; Glad tidings of great joy, tidings of good things, and that say unto Zion: Behold, thy God reigneth! As the dews of Carmel so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them.

"Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on to victory. Let your hearts rejoice and be exceeding glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was, that which will enable us to redeem them out of their prisons. for the prisoners shall go free. * * * Let all the sons of God shout for joy, and let the eternal creation declare his name forever and ever. And again I say, how glorious is the voice we hear from heaven, proclaiming in our ears, glory, and salvation, and honor, and immortality, and eternal life; kingdoms, principalities, and powers * * * * Let us therefore, as a Church and a people * * * * offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness; and let us present in his holy temple, when it is finished, a book containing a record of our dead, which shall be worthy of all acceptation."

The temple work of the Latter-day-Saints is the most important work intrusted to them, and it cannot be done without their tithing. Most of the temple workers receive no compensation, but the cost of these beautiful temples, and their elegant furnishings and adornments, amount to millions of dollars, to say nothing of the cost of operating and maintaining them, which last year, including cost of construction, amounted to nearly a half million dollars.

*Other Church Activities.*

There are also other important Church activities for which the tithing is used. They are enumerated in President Grant's report at the April (1925) conference, showing the previous year's expenditure for stake and ward purposes; for education and the maintenance of Church schools; for the care of the worthy poor, including hospital treatment; for the maintenance and operation of the missions, and for the erection of places of worship, and other buildings in the missions, aggregating a total for these purposes of $3,398,785.

In all of these most worthy activities, and many more too numerous to mention, every tithe payer becomes an actual participant and is thereby entitled to the promised blessings resulting therefrom.

*Logan, Utah.*

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## Autumn

*Autumn,* and a maple tree upon the hill.
It's leaves of red and orange,
Lighted by slanting rays of evening sun,
Flame gloriously.
It is another burning bush from which God speaks

JOSEPH J. CANNON.

# JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

## When the Saints Bore the Brunt of Pro-Slave Hatred.

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

"And now it came to pass that the persecutions which were inflicted on the church by the unbelievers became so great that the church began to murmur, and complain to their leaders concerning the matter; and they did complain to Alma. And Alma laid the case before their king, Mosiah."—Book of Mosiah, Chapter 27.

And in the days of the Last Dispensation, the Church of God was also pillaged and persecuted, and there was much carrying of pleas for relief to the Government.

All familiar with the rise of the "Mormon" Church are well aware that there has been no moment of persecution in its history to compare with the period from 1833 to 1844 when its people were driven forth to brave midwinter blasts on bleak prairies and saw their leaders shot down and put in prison.

There was much mystery at the time of these persecutions as to the motive and cause, and there were many appeals to the Government for redress against a seemingly lawless mob. It is well-known that both the Governor of Missouri and the President of the United States admitted the justice of the "Mormon" plea, but denied their power to do anything.

Heartlessness hardly could have reached a more vigorous extreme than in these persecutions:

"I think there was no individual of our company who was appraised of the sudden and awful fate which hung over our heads.

"The banks of Shoal creek on either side teemed with children sporting and playing while their mothers were engaged in domestic employments. The weather was very pleasant, the sun shone clearly, all was tranquil, and no one expressed any apprehension of the awful crisis that was near us, even at our doors."—Joseph Young, in a sworn statement of events at Haun's Mill.

But the seeming peace was over a volcano. Joseph Young's narrative continues:

"It was about 4 o'clock p. m., while sitting in my cabin with my babe in my arms and my wife standing by my side, the door being open, I cast my eyes on the opposite bank of Shoal Creek, and saw a large body of armed men on horses directing their course towards the mills with all possible speed. Their leader, a man named Comstock, fired a gun; all at once they discharged about 100 rifles, aiming at a blacksmith shop to which our frineds had fled for safety. Then they charged up to the shop, the crevices of which, between the logs, were sufficiently large to enable them to aim directly at the bodies of those who had fled for refuge from the fire of their murderers. There were several families tented in the rear of the shop whose lives were exposed, and, amid showers of bullets, fled to the woods in different directions. * * *

"When we arrived at the house of Mr. Haun, we found Mr. Merrick's body lying in the rear of the house; Mr. McBride's in front, literally mangled from head to foot. We were informed by Miss Rebecca Judd, who was an eye witness, that he

was shot with his own gun after he had given it up, and then was cut to pieces with a corn cutter by a man named Rogers, of Davies county, who keeps a ferry on Grand river, and who has since repeatedly boasted of this act of savage barbarity."

We have no intention here of rehearsing the scenes of the Missouri mobbings. This bit will give the color and the spirit of them. How are they to be explained?

All prophets of the Lord from Isaiah on down had turned their thoughts and the spirit of their words to the general affairs of mankind. The Church was never meant to be aloof from life and its mysteries and problems.

We know that Joseph Smith had prophesied concerning the most bitter hatreds then growing in America, and that his people lived at the very point of contact between the two sides of this oncoming war of Abolitionist and pro-Slaver, of Secessionist and Unionist. So far we have sketched backgrounds, showing how the people of the South were determined that their slaves would not be penned up by New England-made laws, in the few slave states of the South, but should expand until Missouri was safely pro-slave, and the far West was sending to Congress a pereptually safe pro-slave majority.

Keeping this background in mind, we desire now to trace a few outstanding moments of the Missouri persecutions to note how constantly the pro-slave motive came shining through.

As a guide for this re-checking of the data, may I remind our readers of a statement by Louis Pasteur, who is the father of many discoveries which make modern life different from what it was before his day.

Louis Pasteur found the world afflicted by many diseases and for these diseases the doctors had many remedies—none of which ever worked. He finally found a living organism at work and was able to extract it from the blood of a sick guinea pig. He extracted other living organisms from the blood of a sick cow and still others from the blood of a sick hog.

In short, he discovered bacteria and proved they were a cause of infectious disease. Now he began a triumphal march across the horizon of the world's plagues and fevers. Never having been in a hospital before, he entered one and cured its cases of child-birth fever by sterilization of the bandages and instruments used. He taught that heat killed the germs and that bandages and instruments, if unsterilized, carried these germs from one patient to another.

He entered a room where the first silk worms he ever saw were dying of a plague; and saw some supposedly well ones, just imported from Japan, on a tray beneath the sick ones.

"Germs from the sick worms are falling on the well ones," he exclaimed, "remove them from all contact and prevent infection."

Thus he marched on from silk worms to hog cholera, to the fevers of cattle, to hydrophobia, and so he became the father of modern dairying, without being a dairyman; the father of modern baking,

without being a baker; the father of modern vinegar-making, without being a manufacturer; the father of modern medicine without being a medical practitioner; and the father of modern brewing, as well, although not of home brewing which violates all the principles of yeast control which he laid down. As he drove on through to conquer one disease after another, he wrote of the joy that comes when an investigator strikes at last the right trail.

"After that," he wrote, "you ascend the Mountain of Truth, and at each new summit you look back over a wider and wider landscape."

Nothing could be more confused and contradictory than the story of various episodes of the opening of the Great West, until you test them by the measuring rule of an establishd pro-slave policy, rampant in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, to dedicate Missouri and the far west to pro-slave purposes. But holding this motif in mind, as basic to the country in which Joseph Smith and his people played their part, as intruders from the North in violation of a settled Southern policy, let us look over some typical "Mormon" experiences of the era of drivings, remembering that the Southern trust never ceased until Vigilant Days resulted in the hanging throughout the far West of the last of the Southern guerilla stragglers.

At the outset of this drive, of course, both a real campaign and a "camouflage of motives" were attempted. It has been so in all wars and none of them can be understood until the camouflage has been removed and the inner strategy revealed. The camouflage in Missouri consisted of charges that the "Mormons" were guilty of counterfeiting, cattle stealing, and generally of vagabondish, larcenous habits.

Until the whole background of Missouri's mood at the moment towards "yeowuns frum Noth," could be worked out, it was necessary to waste volumes in defense of the Saints against the "covering" charges. But how fraudulent all these were, and how insincerely made, I had occasion to learn in a beautiful and stimulating manner, before I knew much of anything about the charges themselves.

In the year 1905, I was sitting in the reportorial room of the *Deseret News,* one afternoon—very late. All the others had gone. In the door came an old man, supported by a cane. A young man helped to sustain him. I judged him to be over ninety. The two men approached me and the old man made substantially this speech:

"Young man, I am here. I have wanted to come here for fifty years. There's something I want to say to the 'Mormons.' I have come here to say it. My name is Cooper. I manufacture the Cooper wagon. I kept books for many years and on my books were the names of thousands of 'Mormons.' Your early freighting was done in Cooper wagons. I sold them to many of your emigrants,—often only for a paper note. I want to tell you first that I never was defaulted against on a single one of those notes.

"Every one was paid in full. That's one thing I want to say to the 'Mormons' before I die. The next thing is that this experience with the 'Mormons' has haunted me for many a year. For I was a boy in Missouri.

and I believed the story that you people stole our cattle and robbed our homes and killed our people. And I helped to mob you and drive you.

"But I lived to see the cattle stealing and the outlawry keep right on growing strong after you 'Mormons' were driven out. I saw our people organize and go after cattle rustlers and the counterfeiters and the bad men in general. And I saw every crime we charged against the 'Mormons,' practically, proved against some desperado after the 'Mormons' were expelled."

If those charges were the camouflage,—what was the real source of bias and hatred to the murder point against the "Mormons"?

"The 'Mormons' have *riz*," declared a passer-by to Parley P. Pratt as he came near the scene of the first Missouri mobbing. "Riz"—that's Southern talk. And you will find it the talk of every mob gathering as long as the mobocrat ruled Missouri and there was a "Mormon" left who could be driven out.

The excuses they offered for the outrages, records Parley P. Pratt in telling the story of the Jackson, Clay, Ray and Clinton county expulsions, were:

First: The society were guilty, principally, of being eastern or northern people.

Secondly: They were guilty of some slight variations in manners from the other citizens of the state, who were mostly from the South.

Here we find ourselves at the outset firmly upon that mountain of truth of which Louis Pasteur wrote, as he ascended to greater and greater vistas with each new rise of the summits. None of the persecuted Saints could know the secret workings of the Southern mind at that time, but from the speeches in Congress we have assembled it is easy to write in our own third accusation: "They (the 'Mormons') were guilty of threatening to become voting majority, when Missouri must always send pro-slave senators and congressmen to Washington."

And so we can turn to the first election in Davies county, Missouri, at which "Mormons" tried to be citizens and take part as Americans in American affairs. "Mormons" approached the polls and were at once set upon by bullies who assaulted them. Perry Durphy caught the arm of one bully who was about to strike Samuel Brown, a would-be "Mormon" voter. At once a general assault broke forth against the Saints.

Leaving, for a moment, the scrimmage which followed, let us consider an incident that happened twenty years later in Walla Walla, Washington. Some soldiers went to a theater in American army uniforms. A man sitting behind them called them names and reviled their uniforms. One of them spoke back, whereupon he was struck at from all sides. He and his companions were badly beaten and as they broke out of the theater their own officers took them in charge. They were heavily punished as rioters. Later Southern sympathizers who were brought by vigalantes to the noose, admitted that they had 'planted" this quarrel and had purposely annoyed the "—— yankee

soldiers" until they should strike back, when the whole mob of Southern irregulars vented their wrath upon *Yankees.* The uniform had overwhelmed them with a lust to fight.

Just as in Missouri, after the scrimmage was over and the Saints had abandoned their homes to sleep—men, women and children, in the open fields during a downpour, Missourians admitted to their leaders: "The whole disturbances was a premeditated thing, to prevent the 'Mormons' from voting. We request you to withdraw as this affair may end in bloodshed."

And if the "Missourians" could not bear the thought of "Mormons" voting in their state, what kind of heroes would they make of the "mob" leaders who drove the "Mormons" out. It is well-known that "lawless mobs" drove the "Mormons" in 1833 and 1834.

What has become of these "lawless mobs" four years later when the Government would normally have cleared out the lawless? If they were girding up for the Civil War, and men were being honored for the dominating hatreds of that bitter day, then the "mobocrats" would be honored in Missouri affairs. And what happened? The "lawless mob" of the Jackson county drivings of 1833, became the Governor and his staff of generals at the final drivings of 1838-9. Lilburn W. Boggs was publicly known as a sympathetic spectator at the first of the drivings and to have joined in the utterance: "We will rid Jackson county of the 'Mormons,' peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. If they will not go without it, we will whip and kill the men; we will destroy their children and ravish their women!"

And after another four years who was it that sat in the Governor's chair and issued an official order of extermination? It was this same Boggs, skillful politician, who had correctly gauged the desires of the slave-holding oligarchy of the South. And even in 1833 it was not hard to scratch off the veneer of the confessedly lawless mobber, and find a responsible politician of the Southern cause. Of those active in the destruction of the plant of the *Evening and Morning Star,* B. H. Roberts gives us this list in his *Missouri Persecutions*:

S. D. Lucas, colonel and judge of the county court.
Samuel C. Owens, county clerk.
Russel Hicks, deputy clerk.
John Smith, justice of the peace.
Samuel Weston, justice of the peace.
William Brown, constable.
Thomas Pitcher, deputy constable.

"Besides these," he adds, "there were Indian agents, postmasters, doctors, lawyers, and merchants."

In other words the same groups who enlisted later for the cause of Jeff Davis.

It is well-known that when your enemy does something creditable, you do something, in the telling of it, to make it look discreditable. The one thing the mobocrat agitators had to convince the South was that the "Mormons" were part of the North's abolitionist group.

So when the *Evening and Morning Star* was accused of "sowing

dissensions and inspiring sedition among the slaves," and encouraging "free men of color" to settle with the "Mormons," the editors of that paper desired to set themselves "right," as the "Mormons" had no call to fight out the slavery issue. But the lamb had as much chance to set itself right with the wolf that accused it of muddying the wolf's drinking water, as did the Saints of explaining that they were intent on other matters than the slavery issue. The editor of the *Star* set forth that the Missouri laws forbade the importation of free men of color, as they were regarded as real estate. He urged members of the Church to be guided by prudence and so act as not to give offence.

But were soft words of any use ? Instead of being accepted as written, the rumor went forth on swift wings, "The Mormons" are advising their people to act *secretly,* not openly,—and were under cover starting an 'underground railroad' for slaves."

An extra edition of the *Star* went further in the fruitless task of explaining where explanations would have spoiled the political advantage of an *appearance of guilt.* "The intention in publishing the article, 'Free People of Color' pleaded the editor, all in vain, was to stop free people of color from emigrating to Missouri."

Southern editors invented and imagined great hosts of poor slaves, only waiting the signal from the "Mormons" to strike out for Missouri. And thus were the flames of passion spread. And the flight of the "Mormons" from Jackson county was forced upon them.

Appeals to Governor Dunklin were all in vain. He knew the "lawless mob" could elect its own candidate Governor any time—as it did a little later in the case of Boggs. So he started the fashion of turning a deaf ear to the "Mormons," which continued until Thomas L. Kane, *abolitionist,* got the ear of President Buchanan, and stopped Johnson's Army in its tracks, for which fine service he is honored in the name of Kane county, Utah.

The drivings spread and continued. If a "Mormon" rolled two logs together to use as a breastwork to defend his home, then he was guilty of "arming and fortifying against the sovereignty of an American state." As they would say today, "the 'Mormon' was slapped down without a chance to whisper in his own defense."

If leaders were arrested, witnesses who came to their trial were immediately arrested and marched out of town, or arrested and thrown into jail with them. "Witnesses" were outlawed. Here was war—a chapter of the Civil War as definitely as if it had occurred *after* Sumpter, not *before.*

Would the President hear the complaints of a dispossessed group of citizens? Normally, yes. But the President was soundly Southern. A political mood calling for a Lincoln had not yet been established. And would the Southern president side with Northerners against the south?

"The constitution of the United States," wrote the Southern

President, "does not control jurisdiction over offences against the law of a state. The President must await a call from the Governor of the state in which trouble has occurred!"

As the drivings continued it became the turn of Clay county to take up the fagot and the scourge. And on what grounds? Their leaders stated to them, in June, 1836:

1. Their religious tenets were so different from the present churches of the age, that this always had and always would excite deep prejudice against them in any populous country where they might locate.

2. They were eastern men whose manners, habits, customs, and even dialects were *essentially different from the Missourians.*

4. Common report has it that they kept up a constant communication with the Indian tribes of the frontier; and declared from the pulpit that the Indians were a part of God's chosen people, destined by heaven to inherit with them the land of Missouri.

There was camouflage here. Clay county officials held to the truth of their own feelings. And the Committee on Expulsion kindly advised: "We do not vouch for the correctness of these statements, but whether they are true or false their effect has been the same in exciting our community."

The objection to the *dialect* of the Saints had an odd outcome. When the drivings had reached the point of resulting in the arrest of the Prophet and of many leaders, to be marched as captives for display to the Missourian mobs, there came an hour when certain leaders could escape from a Missouri jail.

Parley P. Pratt and Morris Phelps were two of those who made a dash for liberty. Both were surrounded by mobbers hunting for "those "Mormons," but both traveled with their hunters—unknown to them and unrecognized by them. How? By merely imitating the Southern drawl they had heard so often among their captors:

"He was suddenly surrounded in the darkness of the night by a group of horsemen in pursuit of the prisoners," writes Parley P. Pratt of the escape of Brother Phelps. "They immediately hailed him and cried out,'—— —— you, what is your name?' He replied in the same rough and careless manner, 'you —— rascals what's yours?' * * They then begged his pardon for the rough manner in which they had accosted him, 'O, you are of the real breed. By ——, no —— 'Mormon' could counterfeit that language, you swear real natteral; hurrah for old Kentuck. But whar mout you live, stranger?' He replied, 'just up here, you mout a know'd me, and then again you moutn't.' "

And so the men of "Old Kentucky" rode away from Phelps still in pursuit of "Mormons." And he gave one more "hurrah for Old Kentucky" to speed them on their way. Soon he was among friends and exiles in Illinois.

It was the same with Parley P. Pratt. He obtained an old hat, explained that bruises on his face were due to "celebratin' the Fourth of July in liquor," and successfully palmed himself off as a Southerner from Terre Haute in search of cheap land. He, too, reached friends and exiles in Illinois.

"And Hurrah for Old Kentuck." I visited the Mayor of Louisville recently, in search of data on these men of "Mormon" days in Missouri, who had gone from Kentucky to fight the "Mormons."

"Yes," the Mayor said, "we sent more men to the Civil War on the *Southern side* than almost any state, and also more to the Northern side. With us it was literally brother against brother. We were the vortex of the war's feelings."

If they fought that way—brother against brother to the death in the days of '61—can't we understand better now the hatreds that consumed them in the days of Joseph Smith?

How they carried the hatreds on over to Kansas, while the Saints found an hour of peace in Utah, will be the next chapter of the story taken up.

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## Hole in the Rock

The *Era* is indebted to W. W. Thibodean, Escalante, Utah, for these illustrations, well known to the pioneers of the San Juan county, Utah, showing "Hole in the Rock," through which the pioneers took their wagons and outfits, when on their way to settle in that country. Left, Looking from the top down; right, Looking up from the Colorado River through the "Hole in the Rock."

THE OLD HISTORIAN'S OFFICE

Making way for bigger things, this old land mark, 60 East South Temple Street, was torn down in early November, 1925. Steam shovels are digging the foundation of a modern ten-story Medical Arts building on the site to cost about $175,000, and to accomodate about 125 professional men, with offices.

Melvin J. Ballard

Rey L. Pratt

Rulon S. Wells

# BANQUET, PROGRAM AND RECEPTION

A banquet, reception and program was given by the General Boards M. I. A. in the Beehive House, Salt Lake City, on Wednesday evening, October 28, 1925, in honor of Elder Melvin J. Ballard and Elder Rulon S. Wells, not forgetting Elder Rey L. Pratt, who was absent in the Mexican mission, prior to their departure to open the South American mission.

There were 140 of the two Boards members and their wives and partners present at the banquet. The menu, which was enjoyed to the full, read:

BRAZILIAN COCKTAIL
BUENOS AIRES ROAST TURKEY
AMAZON DRESSING
ANDES POTATOES GIBLET GRAVY
PERUVIAN PEAS IN TIMBALE CASES
CRANBERRY JELLY
BOLIVIA OLIVES CELERY
ROLLS
ARGENTINA ICE CREAM SPANISH CAKE

The program consisted of community singing: a. "How firm a foundation," a song especially fitted for faith promotion; b. "There's a long, long trail"; and c. "The morning breaks," a very appropriate hymn for the occasion, sung as a duet by W. O. Robinson and Claude Cornwall.

President Rudger Clawson opened the proceedings with prayer and Professor Robert Lee Brasswell, for seven years a grand opera singer, rendered the "Trumpeter" by Dix, and "Until," by Sanderson.

A short speech of welcome was given by Sup't George Albert Smith, who in part, said: "These brethren are going away with a message necessary for all the world to hear. We are delighted to have with us tonight, two of the Presidency of the Church, Presidents Heber J. Grant and Anthony W. Ivins. (President Charles W. Nibley was out of town.) We welcome you all. As an organization, we are thankful for an opportunity to do things. Elders Ballard and Wells, members of the Y. M. M. I. A. Board, have been faithful workers for

the great M. I. A. cause, and we wish them every blessing as they go into a new world, comparatvely, to prepare men for the gospel message. We pray God to bless them and be with them in all their labors. We shall miss them and especially, Brother Ballard, who has borne the brunt of Y. M. M. I. A. work for many months in the past."

President Anthony W. Ivins followed, giving some interesting information concerning travel in early days in the South-west and compared it with what the brethren would now be favored with. He said, "Just 50 years ago I went to Mexico. There were no roads. We were weeks and months without a word from home. There was not a railroad between this city and the city of Mexico. The trousers I wore, I made for myself. I traveled horseback for nine months and never slept in a bed."

He also gave some important information concerning the history of South America and its prevailing conditions, where the brethren are to begin their work. "South America is a great country. The coast is somewhat settled, but the interior is practically undeveloped. Argentina means the land of silver. This trip will take the brethren into Book of Mormon lands. We shall watch their work with interest. Our blessings and very best wishes go with them."

Sister Emma Ramsey Morris sang a group of songs entitled, "Elfland," "I passed by your window," "Sacrament," and "In dreams, I wept, oh! so sadly."

These songs were followed by a short, humorous speech

## "For Auld Lang Syne"

By Elder Orson F. Whitney

My situation reminds me of a story—the story of a ventriloquist and his dog. They went into a cafe, and the man ordered breakfast. The dog sat up to the table opposite his master and ate his portion of the meal, much to the interest of all present. When it was through the man said: "How did you like your breakfast?" "Pretty well," answered his canine companion, "but next time don't put any mustard on my beefsteak."

The cafe was now all agog with excitement over this wonderful dog that could eat and talk like a man. The proprietor of the place, when the owner of the animal went to pay his bill, said to him:

"What'll you take for that dog?"

"Oh, money couldn't buy him," was the reply.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for him."

"No; I wouldn't sell him for a hundred dollars."

"Two hundred, then," persisted the proprietor.

"No; I wouldn't part with him for that."

"Well now, look here—I'll give you three hundred dollars for that dog."

The man was silent—this offer tempted him. Presently he said: "Well, I guess I could get another—you may have him for three hundred."

The money was counted out, and the ventriloquist turned to go. Then the dog spoke again: "Did you sell me for three hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll never speak another word as long as I live." (Laughter.)

But that's not my decision. I propose to speak a few words more, though it requires almost the powers of a ventriloquist to throw one's voice in so many different directions. (An allusion to the seating of the tables.) My subject is "For Auld Lang Syne"; in other words, Melvin J. Ballard.

I formed the acquaintance of this gentleman in 1896, the year that Utah became a state. It is not often that two great events come so close together (laughter). He led the choir in the Brigham Young College, at Logan, and was known as the Caruso of Cache Valley. I had accepted a professor's chair in the same institution, and it was there that we two met.

I went to Logan for a rest, after my strenuous exertions in the Constitutional Convention, where Brother Roberts and I locked horns over the Woman's Suffrage question. The struggle was fierce and exhausting, and at the close a period of recuperation was needed by both.

The "Mormon" idea of rest is to stop what you are doing and do something harder (prolonged laughter)—as when the Apostles take a vacation to the stakes, and preach themselves to death in the wards. Well, Brother Roberts and I rested after that manner. He was given a mission to the Eastern States, and I went to Logan to teach school—"to show the young idea how to shoot."

Some of them knew how already. They no longer covered the ceiling with spit balls, nor showered the teacher's shirt front with such missiles. They had graduated in those studies, and now shot loving glances at one another—the boys at the girls, and the girls at the boys. This has special reference to the members of the choir, who were mostly of the soft sex—I mean the tender sex. They sang nothing but *hims*, and the *hims* sang nothing but *hers* (laughter).

Melvin the Musical, put a stop to this foolishness. "Look at me," he said, meaning of course the sopranos and altos. They looked, and from that hour all their glances were for him. I didn't get very near to him in Logan—couldn't—the crowd was too great. He was an island surrounded by girls.

The second stage of our acquaintance was uneventful, save for the semi-annual meetings of the Twelve with the Mission Presidents, one of whom he had become. Then as now, I admired his fervent oratory in the General conferences, and was charmed by his sweet vocalism, especially when he sang, "I'll sing what you want me to sing, and I'll stop when you want me to stop" (laughter). This seemed fair, but nobody ever took him up on it—nobody ever wanted him to stop.

Next, he became an apostle, and then I began really to know the man and to prize him at his true worth. I had special reason for rejoicing over his call, and for welcoming him into the Council—especially on Thursdays. During many a "sweet hour of prayer" I

had led the singing in that Council, and now Brother Ballard, a trained and experienced chorister, relieved me of this duty. I tendered my resignation, which was promptly accepted, and nominated him as my successor. It went with a whoop! (laughter).

Brother Ballard was the first man or woman I ever heard sing: "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," and no one, to my knowledge, sings it better. He has sung it so well that it has been heard in Heaven, and the Lord has taken him at his word. He is now called to go "Way Down South," past "the land of cotton," even unto the land of coffee. And he is going, for he is a man who means what he says.

Of course, our hearts will all go with him. We shall miss his genial companionship, and his numerous acts of kindness and courtesy. These include many a lift by automobile for Mrs. W. and myself, between Main Street and the corner of Fourth and L.

Over his impending departure, no one can feel sadder than I, not even his wife. Until he returns, she must be the man of the house and sway the scepter under and over the family rooftree. I, in all probability, shall have to wield the baton as choir leader for the Presidency, Patriarch and Twelve.

Brother Ballard has been a good and faithful friend to me and mine. So has Sister Ballard, God bless her!—God bless them both!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Just made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

In conclusion, a toast to our three South American missionaries —Melvin J. Ballard, Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt: The first Elder who went to that land met with a *Chili* reception. May you escape a hot one on the other side of the Continent!

A poem by Sister Ruth May Fox was read by Preston Nibley as follows:

### Inscribed to Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt

*On their departure to establish a Mission of the Church in South America.*

Throw wide your gates, ye southern climes,
Sing, sing ye balmy trees,
And let the music of your song
Float out on every breeze,
To thrill with joy each living thing—
Behold! a message from the King.

Thou tropic moon, in splendor beam,
And tell each gleaming star
To twinkle forth the glorious news
That heralds from afar
Are bringing in their out-stretched hands
A record of our wonderous lands.

A priceless book, whose ancient page
  Reveals brave Nephi's fame;
Contains the precious Pearl of truth
  Whose luminous, holy flame
Exalts the soul and marks the way
Mankind may reach the perfect day.

* * *

Ye mighty men of Israel,
  This honor comes to you,
As messengers of God on high;
  The arch is wide, go through,
And teach the remnant of that land
The prophecies to understand.

Show them his word is not in vain,
  His covenant is sure;
Redemption calls, Sweet Mercy pleads:
  "O would your race endure,
Turn now to him—your Father's God,
And grasp once more the Iron Rod."

Haste ye, beloved Brethren,
  On wings of faith and prayer;
And God shall be your rising Sun
  To light you safely there;
And palms shall wave and stars shall shine
Your welcome to that southern clime.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard sang, with spirit and great effect, his favorite song, "I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord."

Elder Richard R. Lyman made an interesting speech in behalf of the General Boards of M. I. A., presenting a suit-case to Elder Ballard.

Elder Ballard made a happy response in which he expressed himself as having joy in the call that had come to him to fulfil this mission. He was delighted to go, and expressed himself as willing to do his best to further the cause of the Lord in that new land and mission, but hoped that his associates here would not be disappointed in the results nor except too much.

"I am overwhelmed with the attention and kind things that have been said here tonight. All my life I have wanted to do something for this great cause. But I have never sought honor nor place. When I was made a teacher at 16 years of age, I was happy. I loved the work. Ever since I have put my whole heart into it. I have joy and companionship in my labors with the members of these two Boards. Everything that is in me, with God's help, I will give to this new mission, but I know that I cannot succeed without God's help. I go, and I will stay as long as the brethren want me to stay."

Then followed a presentation, by President Martha H. Tingey, of a beautiful brief case to Elder Rulon S. Wells, in behalf of the Boards. She said in part:

"It is an easy task to pay tribute to a worthy one. Brother Wells and I have been friends since our youth. The same lovely feeling is with us today as it was fifty years ago. We say in behalf of the Boards, Brother Wells, we esteem you very highly. We honor you for your devotion to the cause of truth. We shall miss you. But we are happy in the knowledge that you have been called to aid in opening this important mission. Our love and blessings go with you."

Elder Rulon S. Wells responded, saying in part:

"I don't know that I can master my own feelings. The attentions we have been receiving have overwhelmed me. I was surprised when the call first came to me. I have felt very serious about this appointment. It has met with general approval. We are not going on a pleasure trip. May we have the help of the Lord in establishing his work in that land. I go with that feeling and knowledge."

President Heber J. Grant, who wore an M. I. A. life membership button, followed with remarks on the opening of the new mission. He

said the brethren were not over-estimating what the elders would do. They are sent with a belief that it is a duty we owe to the whole world to preach the gospel to all nations whatever the results might be. He called attention to the mission to Japan, saying that while the elders did their best, the results were very unsatisfactory because the people were not prepared for the gospel message. He had hopes that the new field in South America would be more fruitful.

"I have listened to the remarks of the brethren with interest. I shall be satisfied if we only make a humble start in that southern land. We, each and every one of us, have a knowledge of the truths of the gospel. We are ready to go to the ends of the earth, and go willingly, to bear our message. We are rewarded by our work when we do it."

This part of the program finished, it was followed by a moving picture of the late M. I. A. parade, celebrating the Jubilee of the Y. M. M. I. A., shown to the company by Mr. Clawson. It was followed by a number of pictures of the Presidencies of the Church, including President Heber J. Grant and his counselors, Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, and also a picture of former President, Joseph F. Smith, in different places and occasions.

The happy party closed with benediction by Sister Lucy Grant Cannon of the Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. The evening was voted a splendid and a happy gathering, by all who participated.—A.

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## A Divine Light

It's a priceless light, worth seeking;
  And if we really knew—
We'd strive to do our very best!
  Ah! Yes! We'd find it, too.

It's that which makes my heart rejoice!—
  This light that shines so nigh.
It's rays can mend a broken heart—
  It's something *gold* can't buy.

Yet, gold buys things, yes—many things!
  And silver does, as well.
But when you want what gold *can't* buy—
  That's poverty—and Hell.

So, far be it from me to crave
  The yellow metal stamp,
I'd rather have what I possess—
  E'en though I were a tramp.

It's "Faith in God:" A light divine!
  It shines on all who care,
To have, to hold, to know and love—
  And speak to God, in prayer.

*Magrath Alta., Canada.* JOSEPH WILLIAM REESE

# MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

## Visitors in Syria

Elder Joseph W. Booth, B. P. 174, Aleppo, Syria, reports that Elder Victor R. Taylor of Provo, Utah, has filled a thirty-four months mission in Germany and is making a tour of the Holy Land. He crossed Asia Minor by train from Constantinople to Aleppo and was met at the Bagdad station by a crowd of happy Saints. "We enjoyed his company for ten days and listened eagerly to his recitals of the mission work in Germany and to his excellent advise to the Saints of this land. One may partially understand how we all appreciate the visit of one of our friends from Utah, when I say that in the more than four years we have met less than a dozen people from the land of Zion, and of that number, only one lady missionary and only three elders have remained with us more than two weeks. On the fifth of October, the opening session of M. I. A. was held and we are prepared for the New Year's work and study of the New Testament."—*J. W. Booth.*

## Tracting on Foot 200 Miles

Elders Charley E. Petersen, left and J. Leland Anderson, boarded a steamer, August 6, 1925, from Trondhjem, and arrived in Namsos, a northern city, the following Saturday.

In the afternoon of the same day, we began our long march previously planned. Each of us had a "ryg-sak" (knap-sack), containing a load of about sixty pounds or more. This burden being mostly made up of tracts and books. We walked all the way from Namsos back to Trondhjem, a distance of over two hundred miles, distributing tracts, and delivering our gospel message to all who would accept the glad tidings we had to impart. Weather conditions were not the best. It rained almost incessantly, but we did no complaining. We were fairly well equipped, and kept plodding along, feeling that it was a great privilege to be able to

sacrifice, and be tried a little. Of course, we had to tolerate many disagreeable and unpleasant things, such as sleeping in barns, etc. We distributed about eleven thousand tracts, sold about 225 pamphlets, and had many interesting conversations. It was a most delightful trip. With great interest we viewed the extraordinary scenery which is Norway's pride. Her fjords, landscapes, and rugged mountains are very uncommon and beautiful. One must take such a trip through "The land of the midnight sun" to really understand what enchantment it possesses. *"Norge er et vakkert land."* We arrived back home Wednesday night, August 26, being on the road about three weeks. Our testimony to all readers of the *Era* is that the Lord lives and that he was constantly with us. He provided, protected, and blessed us almost beyond measure. Already we are seeing the "fruits of our labors."—*Elder J. Leland Anderson.*

## At Cornell University

The Ithaca Branch of the Rochester conference has again resumed its Sunday meetings in Barnes' Hall after a two month's vacation. This branch is made up of families who are here for school at Cornell and most of the men are instructors in the University. During the summer, two of the members completed their work at the school and returned with their families to their homes in Utah—Brother Herbert Pack and Brother Walter

ITHACA BRANCH, ROCHESTER CONFERENCE, N. Y.

Our members include: President J. Alma Dye of Firth, Idaho; First Counselor, Dilworth Walker of Rexburg, Idaho; Second Counselor, Thomas J. Parmley of Salt Lake City, with their wives and families; J. Orval Ellsworth and wife of Idaho Falls; Fayette E. Stephens and family of Heber, Utah; George Bateman and family of Paris, Idaho; R. F. Pennman and family of Salt Lake City; George H. Maughn ond family of Rexburg, Idaho; George Thomas and family of Ogden, Utah; Elsie Maughn of Logan; Edith Hayball of Ogden, and Allen Kellar of Logan.—*Ada Walker*, secretary.

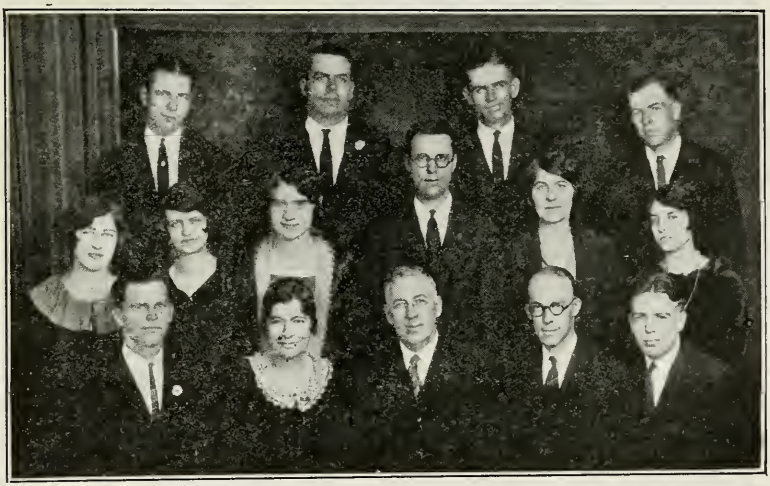
Welti. This fall added sixteen new members to the branch, making a total now of thirty-eight including the children. We are proud of our record of having more children in our branch than any other in the conference. Each

month brings some of the elders to visit our branch, and their visits are greatly enjoyed as they keep us in closer touch with the Church as a whole, and the work of the conference.

We are extremely fortunate in being situated so near the original home of our Church. Palmyra, New York. Each year the branch makes a pilgrimage *en masse* to visit the Joseph Smith Farm and the Cumorah Farm, and enjoy the inspiration which only these sacred places afford. As the children reach the age of eight years, they are baptized in the font at the Joseph Smith Farm. This is a great privilege for the children and something they will always remember.

## Hundreds of Home People in Chicago

Elder Stanley W. Johnson of Chicago, Illinois, reports that missionary work is progressing very nicely in that city. "It seems to be almost like the wards at home because of the large number of people from the West. The Church population from home numbers in the neighborhood of five hundred in this city. The names of the missionaries laboring here, are:



Front row, Orin C. Fuller, mission secretary; Rachael G. Taylor, President Mission Relief Society; President John H. Taylor; Stanley W. Johnson, conference president; Robert C. Anderson, conference president, Wisconsin. Middle row: Minnie B. Kramer, Edith Booth, Fanny May Madson, (released); Floyd Spilsbury, Gertie Noorlander, Lena Youkstetter, mission stenographer. Back row: Charles L. Olsen, mission clerk; Mark Z. Fackrell, Earl G. Jacklin, and Clare M. Liddle.

## Nineteen Baptisms in Nebraska

The missionaries of the West Nebraska conference express their thanks to the *Era* for its splendid missionary help. They look forward to each issue with eager anticipation, and when it is thoroughly read, they pass it on to others. The Lord's work is growing in Nebraska; nineteen baptisms were performed in this conference, from January 1 to November 1, of 1925. Four were recently performed nothwithstanding the temperature was below freezing point, in a lake fringed with ice. The new converts went gladly

to make their covenants with the Lord, and rejoiced, though knowing full well that persecution and ridicule might be their lot in the future. The elders spent the past summer at country work, afoot, and often without "purse or scrip." They were wonderfully blessed in every way while doing so. Two of them traveled more than two thousand miles during the summer, paying but sixty cents each for railroad fare in that distance. Besides the other meetings, these two elders held an average of two street meetings each week. We find street meetings one of the most effective methods of preaching the gospel, and we hold them at every opportunity.—*Thomas D. Washburn.*

Missionaries, top row: Arnold J. Pierce, Bingham City, (released); John W. Henderson, Provo; Arthur J. Hart, Preston, Idaho; Kenneth E. Peterson, Grace, Idaho, (released). Center: Melvin C. Gilbert, Preston, Idaho; Thomas D. Washburn, Provo, conference president. Botton row: Elmer F. Anderson, Smithfield; Grace Rigby, Aberdeen, Idaho; Thelma Huish, Provo, (released); William E. Lurrant, Franklin, Idaho.

## Fifteen Baptisms in Oklahoma

Elder J. L. Haddock, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, reports that the missionaries of Oklahoma held their quarterly conference, May 31, President Bennion meeting with the missionaries and Saints. Some of the Saints traveled over one hundred miles to attend. Three public sessions were held at which many interesting experiences were related of missionary work. Doctrinal discourses were given in the morning and afternoon sessions by the missionaries, by the local brethren and by President Bennion. Reports of

the elders occupied the third session, which reports show a marked increase over last year. Seven elders have worked in Oklahoma during the past three months. They report the sale of 57 Books of Mormon, 870 small doctrinal books; 15 baptisms. Conditions are very promising. The world stands in need of their message, but the elders are few. The elders enjoy and appreciate the many good things they receive from reading the *Era.*

## Gratifying Results of a Fast

Elders Delbert G. Ence and Milton F. Pepton, reporting the missionary news, Ballarat, Victoria, write that for two years previous to their coming there, in March, 1925, there had been no missionary work done in that city and only one member of the Church lived there. The efforts of Elder Harvey O. Cook resulted in two baptisms at the end of three months. Since then, we have been holding weekly cottage meetings with gratifying results. The first Sunday in August was set apart by President Hyde as a special fast for the entire mission, and as one result of it, we have been able to distribute more tracts and Books of Mormon and having more gospel conversations by far, than before. Within a month we had enough friends to justify holding hall meetings. Fourteen investigators attended our first meeting. We hold a street meeting each week; have had a number of invitations to the homes of friends, and have several prospects of baptism. However, we are meeting much opposition and ridicule from ministers and other disbelievers which only sharpens our determinations to proclaim the truth. Following an anti-"Mormon" address by one of the ministers, we called on him at his home. After reasoning with him for sometime, he bought a Book of Mormon and a *Brief History of the Church.* We also had the opportunity of explaining "Mormonism" to the Theosophical Society of the city. The Lord is blessing us, and we pray that all our co-workers are receiving similiar blessings. We greatly enjoy the *Era.*

Elders, left: Delbert G. Ence, Central, Utah; and Milton F. Pepton, Murray, Utah.

## Before a Ministerial Association

Elder William C. Tebbs, president of the Albany conference, reports that recently he met with a ministerial board meeting in Albany as the guest of the board. "Through prejudice and outside influence brought to bear on the mayor, our street meeting privileges have been revoked, mostly through the labors of a charity organization. We were having great success at these meetings and they were very orderly. At the ministerial meeting, the president introduced us and said that he thought we should be given a privilege of being heard. At this, one of the ministers became very violent, making a motion that the mayor be sustained in driving us from the streets of Albany.

He was very bitter in his denunciations of us and called attention to his former fight with the Latter-day Saints on street privileges in Massachusetts. He was in favor of having us hire a hall and preach behind closed doors so as not to give the casual passer-by a chance to hear. The president relinquished the chair and defended us very ably, stating that he believed we were sincere, and he did not agree with the minister. Another minister arose and called attention to what happened a persecuted church about two thousand years ago, and asked that they do not make a mistake at this day. We feel that we were treated very courteously by our defenders. The meeting, however, ended without an agreement. We were given a place in one of the leading papers to present our views, for which we feel thankful. We sold one hundred and fifty Books of Mormon last month. We were recently honored with a visit from Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of Twelve, and President B. H. Roberts. Those who attended, highly commended the sermons which they delivered. We are adjusting ourselves from the summer work to the winter program, which we hope will be just as successful as the summer work."

## Local Elders Set Apart as Missionaries

Elder Vance O. Lind, Gevle, Sweden, reports that they held their fall convention on the 12th to 14th of September, the meetings being well attended. The Saints who had hitherto been slack in their duties expressed a determination to become more diligent. Local elders were called and set apart as home missionaries.

The elders laboring in the Gevle conference are, left to right, back row: Knut T. Borg, Sandy; M. Foss Smith, Snowflake, Arizona; Eric Holmgren, Logan; Oscar Soderquist, Ferron, Utah. Front row: Gustave Anderson, Central, Idaho; John H. Anderson, mission president; Vance O. Lind, Lynn, Utah, conference president.

## Three Choirs Sing in Breslau

Milton Leishman, conference president at Breslau, Germany, states that in a conference held there August 15-18, approximately 1950 persons

listened to President Talmage in the Sunday meetings, all of whom for the first time were privileged to hear and see one of the Twelve Apostles. Sister Talmage, being present, expressed her joy in seeing so much progress in the German mission, especially in the M. I. A. and Relief Society work. Music was furnished by the Breslau conference choir, composed of three choirs of the branches in the city of Breslau. At the missionary meeting held on Sunday, President Talmage and President Tadje gave valuable instructions for the aid of the missionaries in their work. The prospects for the future are even brighter than in the past, the only trouble being the lack of missionaries. Baptisms are held often, a proof that the work of the Lord is progressing in Selisia. The *Era* is read with great interest and gives us help in performing our duties as missionaries.

Missionaries, left to right, back row: Royan Groneman; Perry McArther; Edward Kresser; Blaine Kartschner; Waldemar Stosich. Middle row Kenneth Lambourne; Vernon Rhodes, president of the Leipzig conference; Avon Frame; Marriner Merrill; Richard Behling; Ralph Ford; Harold Ross; John Talmage. Sitting: E. DeMar Anderson, president of the Chemnitz conference; Victor Taylor, retiring conference president; Fred Tadje, mission president; James E. Talmage, president of the European mission; May Booth Talmage, president of the Relief Societies of the European mission; Jean Wunderlich, associate editor of *Der Stern;* Milton Leishman, incoming conference president.

## Champions of the Word of Wisdom

Christen Larsen of Salt Lake City, who recently returned from laboring in the Aalborg conference. Denmark, organized a little union of people which he called "Champions of the Word of Wisdom." It was organized with twenty-five members about ten months ago and then consisted mostly of children. At the present time there are over forty-two besides the missionaries who belong to the organization. Only one member has withdrawn from the association during the time of its organization. These champions of the Word of Wisdom meet once a month. Only those who observe

this splendid health regulation are admitted to the organization. Each member is an observer of the law and does not use tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor. Their meeting lasts about an hour, and the members speak upon the subject and bear testimony concerning its value to them, after which games and sometimes a dance is indulged in. "The little union is like a leaven that works among all who come in contact with it. When the children say to father or mother that it is wrong to break the Word of Wisdom, and when the teachings concerning this revelation are given in public meetings, it has a wonderful influence upon many who learn of its value."

Elder Christen Larsen and his Word of Wisdom champions, Aalborg, Denmark.

## Remarkable Results in San Jose

Elder Kenneth Nielson, president of the San Jose conference, California, gives an account of the first semi-annual conference of this recently organized division at San Jose, May 8-10, in the new Latter-day Saint chapel. More than one thousand Saints and investigators attended the sessions. "We were unfortunate in not being able to have President Joseph W. McMurrin in attendance, but we feel that the principles of the gospel were treated very satisfactorily. There was a marked increase in missionary activities reported since the organization of the new conference. Greater results, more efficiency, and a noticeable stimulation of missionary work were reported. The new chapel, just completed, is a remarkable achievement, considering the difficulties under which this task was begun. There are only 250 Saints in this branch, and of this number, 47 are men and boys. All the labor was donated by the Saints, much of the work being done at night. A chapel here, however, has been one of our greatest needs and it will help greatly in fulfilling the work of the Lord in this section of California. The general authorities of the Church have been liberal in their assistance in helping us to build the chapel. The Thirteenth Article of Faith was unanimously accepted as the slogan for this conference."

# Zulu War Dance for the Prince of Wales

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Natal, not only brought joy and happiness and enthusiasm to the white inhabitants of this vast dark territory; but to the natives as well.

At Eshowe, a beautiful little town one hundred miles up the east coast of Africa from Durban and headquarters of the Great Zulu Nation, there was gathered together forty thousand natives picked from all the Zulu tribes, to pay a tribute to their future king, in the form of a demonstration war dance. This was the greatest war dance ever staged within the borders of Africa and it was a great opportunity, if not privilege, for the elders laboring in Natal to witness this savage event.

President Leon S. Saunders and Elder Kenneth C. Woodruff

President Leon S. Saunders and Elder Kenneth C. Woodruff were fortunate in securing tickets on the special trains from Durban to Eshowe. These trains were equipped to provide accommodations for a limited number and we were among the lucky ones. At Eshowe we made our way to the scene of the War Dance, only to be amazed at the marvelous sight of multitudes of natives gathered together representing a huge horse shoe facing the canopy from which the Prince gave his commending speech to the Zulus. As the Prince came into view riding in his special motor car followed by his escort, the natives welcomed him with the impressive cry of "Bayette," meaning great king. The weird way in which they drawled the word out sounded as if the Prince of demons and all his force of imps had let out a cry of distress. After the king of the Zulus, "King Solomon," had given his welcoming speech on behalf of the Zulu Nation he presented the Prince with a pair of magnificent elephant tusks mounted on a hard-wood base with a gold shield with the inscription engraved upon it "To H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Zulu Nation." In return for this beautiful gift the Prince presented each tribal chief with a silver studded cane. At dinner time the different cliques gathered for their usual meal of Kaffer beer and meat, which was heartily partaken of in preparation for the big event to follow.

After dinner the war dance started, and it was surely a sight that shall never depart from our memories. There was about one thousand specially picked up to take leading parts in the dance. Each tribe had its representative group form in long line and advance toward the Prince. The advance was slow and full of all kinds of maneuvers with an unceasing cry of weird shrieks and yells. At the rear of each group of warriors were the women and girls who spurred the men on to battle by singing and chanting to them.

Occasionally a number would step out in front of the advancing line and go through all sorts of funny motions. So even and uniform was the stamping of feet in the dance that it made the ground almost tremble. Near the finish of the advancing a sham charge was effected, with assagias raised and shields in front of them as if to slaughter the whole crowd. Although it was a sham, it gave some of the onlookers a fright that could not have been worse had the warriors carried out their threats.

After the dance this vast horde dispersed to their several Kraals so that

ZULU WARRIORS HEADGEAR WORN BY INDUNAS OR SUB-CHIEFS

within an hour scarcely a native could be seen. It was a wonder to all where they so quickly and suddenly disappeared to.

The thing that was most noticeable to us was that out of that multitudinous gathering of Zulus we were unable to see one deformity, their bodies were perfect.—*Elder Kenneth C. Woodruff,* Conference Clerk, Box 2189 Durban Natal, South Africa.

## New Zealanders off for Hawaii

Elder Hardy sends the *Era* the following information:

On March 17, 1925, there sailed from Aukland, New Zealand, a third company of Saints to leave New Zealand for the same purpose; viz; the accomplishment of work in the temple at Hawaii for their dead ancestors The departure of this group of Maori Saints, one European brother, President of the Aukland branch of the Church in New Zealand, and two returning elders, certainly is a fulfilment of the words of Malachi:

"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts."

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord;"

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

With this company appeared Angus T. Wright, President of the New Zealand mission and his wife, who was president of the Relief Societies there. They were gathered at the mission home where they received their final instructions, before departure, from their beloved father and mother of that mission. Some of the most stalwart Saints in the mission are taking this journey, and among those of the younger ages are graduates of the Maori Agricultural College, owned and operated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; probably farther south of the equator than any other similar institution in the world. Surely, in the latter days the Lord is performing a marvelous work and a wonder; preparing mankind for his second coming and fulfiling, at the same time, the prophecies of his holy servants of old and the traditions of this choice race of people, upon whose heads so many promising blessings have been pronounced.

President Angus T. Wright was honorably released, and Bishop Howard

Jenkins, of Ogden, sailed from Vancouver, July 29, with his wife and four children to succeed him as president.

The names of these in the group are: (Sitting on ground, Elders returning home), Herman W. Walz, Franklin H. Harris; (Sitting on chairs all left to right), Wilson Paefai, Ratima Hakopa, Sister Hakopa, Charles Spencer, Henri Whautere, Sister Whautere; (Standing), Sister Wilson Paewai, Sister Paea, Sister Wright, President Wright, Sister Te Iti Kamau, Hamiora Kamau, Sister Apikara Paewai, Wiki Paewai.

## Explained the Gospel to Many

Samuel L. Gellette of Tooele, and Grande Rasmussen of Vernal, Utah, have labored for some months in Little Rock, Arkansas. They write: "One of the most prominent men in Little Rock told us a few days ago that he would take his hat off to Joseph Smith as a very intelligent man for giving the Word of Wisdom to his followers, so long before it was known to the rest of the world. A retired doctor also told us that 'Mormonism' was the only religion in the world that could control its youth and did control them.

"On the 24th of July we had people come from miles around to enjoy the spirit of the Pioneers in a celebration which we held. We were privileged to explain the gospel to many during the day and at the program. It was the first time that Pioneer day had been celebrated at Barney branch, which is about thirty miles from the railway."

## The Temple Block Mission a Great Aid

Elder Sterling W. Sill of the Alabama conference, Southern States mission, reports that much prejudice is being removed in that district. The elders meet daily with people who have visited Utah and have become enthusiastic over the kindness with which they are received by the people there. They are especially impressed with the instructions received on the Temple block, which are a great aid to the missionaries in the field. The people of Alabama are readers and believers and lovers of the Bible, and when they hear the beauty of the restored gospel it becomes to them a Pearl of Great Price indeed, for which they are willing to sacrifice much. President C. A. Callis met the

elders on Friday, May 8, at a Priesthood meeting at Birmingham and gave them an inspirational talk. President Ralph A. Richards and Charles F. Church, faithful laborers here for twenty-five months, were released to come home. They have many friends in the south. We all join in wishing them a hearty Godspeed.

## Baptisms Photographed and Reproduced in Papers

Elder Kenneth A. Brady, conference president of Hull, England, reports a district conference held at Grimsby on the 29th of March. President and Sister James E. Talmage of the European mission were present on the preceding Saturday and the following Monday. The meetings showed an increase in attendance. The Sunday School showed an increase of 38% over the corresponding session last fall. "We have lately been denied the public baths for our baptisms on the ground that the 'Mormon' Church is unpopular, but being denied the baths, we went to the sea; and on Sunday, March 29, a party

of members and friends met the tide as it rolled in upon the sands of Cleethorpes, and at 7 o'clock in the morning, four applicants were baptized in the waters of the North Sea. A representative of the *Daily Mail*, Hull, was present and photographed the scene, though this was not done at our instance, nor according to our wishes. The following day the pictures occupied prominent place in the paper with an unbiased comment of the photographer. Since that time photographs have appeared in two of the most widely circulated papers in England, the *Sunday Illustrated Herald* and the *News of the World*, both printed in London. Considerable comment, favorable and otherwise, has resulted, and this has given opportunity to explain baptism and other points of doctrine. Thirty copies of the Book of Mormon were sold in the Hull conference in April, twenty-one being sold by resident members and friends."

FLOATS AND PARADE IN PROVO, UTAH

Scenes at the celebration of the semi-centennial of the founding of the Brigham Young University, October 15-17, 1925.

# America First

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous coöperation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love, and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, "AMERICA FIRST."

From a sermon by Bisop G. Ashton Oldham, in Washington D. C., Sept. 7, 1924. Published by the National Council for the Prevention of War.

# THE HOME

## A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1925-26

### LESSON VII—THE SPIRIT OF THE HOME

I. The Lecture:

A. What is meant by the spirit of the home?

Every institution has an all-prevading spiritual atmosphere. Some one thing that is the summation of many things.

B. Seven Heaven-making features of the spirit of the home:

1. Consistent freedom. Ultra restraint was the fundamental provision of the plan of life rejected in heaven. Obedience and order may be secured in such a way that they are hated. The method of reaching good may be so bad that the good itself looses its effect, or liberty becomes tyranny when reached or maintained unlawfully, and judicious restraint is an essential element of a happy life. Hence, we say a spirit of consistent freedom characterizes a heaven-making home.
2. Kind helpfulness. All helpfulness is not kind. Some, if not unkind, is cross. A compliance that is accompanied with a scowl speaks of the absence of the spirit of kind helpfulness.
3. Cheerfulness. The spirit of cheerfulness cannot abide where requests bristle with authority and answers are coated with snapishness. Scolding is to the spirit of home-cheerfulness what static screech is to radio music, and grumbling is as frost among flowers.
4. Hopefulness. Where hope lights the way, heaven is never entirely out of sight. Discouragement is one of our deadliest enemies. Even death has its claims to usefulness but despair seems to be entirely void of good sidedness. Home improvements proclaim home hopefulness. Home delapidation is symptomatic of discouragement.
5. Love. The spirit of love is not dumb, and yet where love-words are rarely spoken it may be found with constant radiation of affection. Love lives more in ways than in words, and while it often shrinks from volubility it thrives best under generous voicefulnescs. The solicitous care of a daughter or the chivalric act of a son spells love at home in capital letters. The gracious acquiescense of husband and wife to each others wishes proclaims home love from heart centers. The home may be possessed of the spirit of freedom, kindly helpfulness, cheerfulness and hopefulness, and yet without love all these are as nothing compared with love. If it can be said of a home, the spirit of love is there, it may be said of that home it is closer than next door to heaven.
6. Patriotism. This is a form of love. It is love nationalized. Genuine patriotism always stands by the fundamental law of the country.
7. Reverence. This is the capstone quality of love. Through it the spirit of the home and the spirit of heaven blend. The spirit of reverence unites and entertains the Spirit of the Lord, through which the spirit of the home reaches its highest point of perfection.

C. Symbols of the spirit of the home:

National life, faternity life, college life, industrial life and even social life have their symbols. Home life is left to the *cartoonist*.

An attempt to symbolize the spirit of one's home may result in a rather thorough self analysis. Try it.

II. The Thought Exchange:

A. Suggested questions and problems:

1. Why the almost universal difference between the tone of home communication and that of domestic correspondence?
2. Discuss the home-spirit value of a forced smile.
3. How is the spirit of the home affected by a non-compromising attitude ?
4. Describe in a word the home-spirit symbolized by a group picture of a man with a gun on his shoulder; a big dog following the man: a woman with a child on her back, and a provision sack in her hand following the dog.
5. Also describe the spirit of a home symbolized by a drawing: A baby in a preambulator. pushed by a man who is holding an umbrella over a woman walking by his side. Small dog in the rear.
6. Present a picture which to your mind symbolizes the spirit of your home. No symbol to be signed.

B. Questions and problems presented by the class:

III. Social Period:

A. A suggested activity:

1. Confessed instances illustrative of:
   a. The spirit of the "Gump family" home.
   b. "Gasoline-Alley" home happenings.

## LESSON VIII—THE HOME INCOME

B. Activities presided over by a committee formed in class.

IV. Announcements, assignments, singing and benediction.

I. The Lecture:

A. Home Finance:

1. The subject of financing the home is of greatest importance: indeed it may well be termed one of the cornerstones of successful home-making. For if the income is inadequate or poorly managed the entire family is bound to suffer. In addition, the feeling of general well-being which may be enjoyed by those who are members of a family group where there is a sufficient income to take care of family needs, tends to produce the greatest efficiency of effort. The family must be well fed, comfortably housed, and have the means and strength to procure an education for the children as well as other means of mental, physical and spiritual advancement.
2. The problem of adjusting the income and outgo of money is one of the "naughtiest" and also the "knottiest" in the whole economics of family life. It is probable that more "family jars" occur over this problem than over any other cause. The reason for this is two fold: first, girls are not, as a rule, trained to know the value of a dollar and to manage a growing household successfully. There is truth in the old saying that a woman can throw more out of the back door with a spoon than a man can put in at the front door with a shovel. Secondly, boys do not understand that the family income must be adjusted to cover all family needs, with the wife as a working partner, not a silent partner. The entire business of running a home, rearing a family, saving and investing for the future should be discussed and understood by each member of the family, especially by the husband and wife.

B. The home income:

The income of the home is usually thought of as the amount of money which the family handles for its support, but in reality the income includes much more than that.

C. The money income:

1. There are many sources from which this income may be derived. It may be the result of the father's earning capacity in the form of a salary, or of the returns from the farm when crops are sold. In addition to the pay for daily work, income may be derived as a result of wise investment of the family, or from the investments from an inherited estate.

   This direct money income may be augmented, if necessary, by the efforts of wife and children in the sale of home produce, garden supplies, poultry and dairy products. Different members of the family may increase the family income directly (by contribution or by taking care of themselves), by giving music lessons, sewing, selling needlework, by doing typing at home, by doing of odd jobs or even by taking in boarders. In all of the above cases money actually comes into the family treasury for purposes of actual support or advancement which might otherwise be impossible.

   The money income may be augmented in ways which save cash outlay as well as by bringing in extra money. Such are the products of the garden, orchard, or poultry yard, or any source of supply which saves the actual outlay of cash

2. The use made of the cash income is most important because upon its wise distribution depends in large measure the welfare of the family. The possibility of future education for the children will be conditioned largely by the financial status of the family. Though a lack of ready cash need not deter ambitious children from obtaining an education. If determined, they may secure an education through their own efforts in spite of poverty; though this is often done at the sacrifice of their health. In this they should be guarded and given wise counsel and assistance.

D. The real income:

1. The real family income includes much more than money, as discussed above. "The sources of real income in the family can be found by examining the satisfactions secured and tracing them back to their sources and then classifying the sources on an economic basis." (a) In addition to that may be listed the real family assets which permit the most possible use to be made of the entire income. Chief amongst these is a consistent training in youth for and a deep understanding of the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood. The man or woman who understands life values and who has had some experience can make an income (no matter how large or small) accomplish much more in purchasing power than is possible if they are inexperienced. It is one thing to earn money: it is quite another thing to spend it wisely. Any one with ordinary intelligence can earn money, but it takes a smart man to spend it wisely and make every dollar purchase one hundred cents worth of value.

2. Time is one of the most valuable assets possessed by man. It is the only possession of which he may not be robbed by

(a.) Benjamin R. Andrews in his book *Economics of the Household.*

another. To spend time wisely is to add measurably to man's money earning power. Thus it is wisely said that "time is money." If time is wisely used there is possible much enjoyment in life that one might not otherwise possess. The person always in a hurry is nearly always worried, harrassed, and consequently unhappy. A "time spendthrift" is as guilty as a "money spendthrift."

3. What has been said of one's time may be applied to one's energy. It possesses a real money value and must be guarded as such. The body may be compared with a storage battery. One begins each day with so much power. If it is frittered away in unwise or unnecessary tasks one is "out" just that much when full power is needed for the day's real work.
4. The value of household labor should be understood and appreciated by all members of the family whether that labor is performed by father, mother, or children. Such labor has a real money value as may be understood if hired help were to be substituted for that done by members of the family. Suppose a housekeeper were hired to do only a part of the labor performed by every conscientious mother. Fifty dollars a month would be considered a minimum wage —yet every mother performs twice as much labor as would any hired housekeeper. So with other household tasks. Their performance is a valuable asset to the family in the production of life satisfactions and should be so considered.

E. Preparation for the Future:

1. No family is wisely filling its destiny that does not provide for the future care of its members when their earning powers may be cut off by illness, accident or old age.

   No money earner should be unprotected by some sort of insurance—with a preference being given to that kind which provides an annuity, or protection without risk after a certain age limit has been reached. Young people should be encouraged to join thrift or building societies so that a part of every month's income may be set aside as *savings*. This must not be done to the extent of handicapping the daily life of the family. Daily living may be so cramped as to be miserable that provision may be made "for a rainy day" which never comes. Wisdom must rule here. Thrift must be encouraged, but it means wise spending just as much as hoarding for the future.
2. Investments, if wisely made, add security to the family income. This, too, requires great wisdom. Again, it is easy, comparatively, to make a dollar. But to make it work for you is quite another proposition.

   This phase of financial wisdom needs cultivation. The American attitude is expressed by the remark that "Jones is worth half a million." That would mean very little to the Englishman. He would say: "Jones has a yearly income of so many pounds or dollars." No man is safe till his money is wisely invested. Again it is easy to make money. But to make money do its full duty is a man-size job. Money is to be used to procure life satisfactions and to promote family usefulness as well as for the building of the Kingdom of God on earth; not to be hoarded and cherished to canker men's souls. One must never let money become the master of one's life.

III. Producer of the Money Income:

1. and 2. Whether the husband, should be the sole producer of the family money income or whether wife or even children may assist is a question to be decided by each individual family. This much is certain: there must be a fair division of labor in family tasks—no member of the family should be permitted to carry more than his share. God has assigned to woman her life mission and nothing justifies her in shirking her responsibility as mother and conserver of the race. If she becomes a money earner at the expense of her motherhood she is out of the line of her duty. If circumstances permit or cause her to earn a cash income in addition to being a mother and home-maker then she may be justified. In such cases, the family division of labor should relieve her of many home tasks. The family integrity should never be sacrificed for the earning of extra money so that greater luxury may be enjoyed.

   So with the children. Their full preparation for life should never be interfered with. That they may earn money in addition to securing an education may be a wise procedure providing always that their health or their morals be not sacrificed to that end. When stern necessity demands that children become money earners, the relative or even the state should see that the child's future be not handicapped.

IV. Business Partnership of Man and Wife:

1. Each family unit should, in the beginning of its history, draft a working plan of its financial operations. *There should be a perfect understanding of the family assets and liabilities, of the means to be adopted for running the family successfully, and each one's share in its operations should be fully understood and adjusted.* Just as good management and intelligent cooperation are necessary for the running of a successful home.
2. The husband and wife are truly and surely working partners in the greatest of human occupations: that of making successful homes and giving future citizens their start in life. And unless there is a feeling of close cooperation between them regarding their financial dealings there cannot be real cooperation in other lines of home-making. They are in reality very close business partners and must respect each other as such.

   *Marriage is the greatest Business Enterprise on earth; it has the most employees and gives the greatest net return in valuable dividends of happiness.* But it is a business that must be "managed." It can't achieve successful fruition in all cases unless it is controlled by similar rules that spell success in other enterprises. As in other lines, if it is mismanaged or neglected through ignorance, it will "go on the rocks." But if entered into with a full understanding of its God-given rights and privileges, family life will prove to be as it was intended, the "keynote of civilization."

V. The Thought Exchange:

A. Suggested Questions:

1. In your opinion are young men and young women as well prepared as they should be to assume the responsibility of becoming the heads of families of their own? Give reasons.
2. Do you think that the average boy and girl understands the meaning of a dollar and its wise use. and why?

3. Are the homes or the schools responsible for the existing lack of "money sense" of young people? If they are, give a remedy to improve conditions.
4. Tell what you know about the "school banks" instituted in many states—California, for instance. Would it be advisable to have them instituted here? (Note: Get your school teachers to obtain information on this point.)
5. Why do you think it is that divorces are so common in our day? Suggest a remedy.
6. Tell when you would begin and how you would train a child so that he will one day be prepared to run successfully the financial operations of a home.
7. Should a man be the sole money earner in the family, and why? Discuss this point.
8. What is your opinion of the value of the household labor performed by women in the home? Does a woman *earn* any part of the income if she devotes all her time to the family? Discuss.
9. What training should young people be given as to the best method of making investments to provide for their old age? Should not society provide some method whereby a man and woman who have given the best years of their lives to the upbuilding of the community may be provided against pauperism or dependence upon relatives in old age.
10. What principles underlie success in any business enterprise? How may they all be applied to marriage? Discuss.
11. Discuss the importance of counsel and cooperation in family finances.

VI. The Social Period Activity:

Program provided by Committee:

1. Assignment announcements.
2. Closing Exercise.

## LESSON IX—THE FAMILY BUDGET

I. The Lecture:

Serene family relationships is the goal of the normal family. Upon satisfactory settlement of the question, What shall we do with our money? depends to a very large extent, this serenity. Disputes, misunderstandings and heartaches over money matters are not uncommon. The haphazard, unbusiness-like manner in which the family expenditures are generally made, would bankrupt most business enterprises. The business of the household is no exception.

Various plans for the use of the family income have been tried and found wanting. The "doling system" whereby the husband hands out a few dollars at irregular intervals, the amount depending not upon a careful estimate of the amount needed, but too often upon the wife's persuasive powers and upon her endurance. This money is spent very often without carefully weighing the needs of the family and without looking ahead. No record is kept of its expenditure and the next request for money is met with the question, "What did you do with the money I gave you last week?" This plan is now obsolete and is met only occasionally in this enlightened age.

The next method tried is the "allowance plan," whereby a definite amount of money is given to the wife to "run the house on." This plan is a step in advance, but unless the amount is carefully arrived at by an analysis of the anticipated expenditures, it is a leap in the dark and will usually fall short of its mark.

Another plan, the "joint checking account," while recognizing the splendid principle of partnership between husband and wife, has led to much dissatisfaction and unhappiness.

The "family budget plan" is the successful solution of this important phase of family life. What is a budget? A budget is a plan made in advance for the use of a given amount of money. A family budget is a detailed account of the total income and the anticipated family expenditures for a given time. There is a fundamental economic principle back of the budget plan and no matter whether it be the Federal Government, the state or the individual family, the application of this principle makes for successful business management. The budget plan is not a passing fad; it is not a new idea. The budget plan has been operative to a certain extent since the organization of the family. If the family group after arriving at the total income for the year carefully plans the expenditure of this money so that every dollar spent will yield a maximum return, the plan has been successfully made.

I speak of the family budget. The successful working out of this family budget plan requires that it literally be made a family affair. *The father, mother and children should sit down together and work out such a plan.* How can any member of the family help to carry out a plan of which he knows nothing. The family budget offers the greatest opportunity for sympathetic family cooperation. If each member of the family gets an idea of the countless demands upon the income, he will realize that in order to stretch the income to meet all these needs and desires, he will have to practice thrift as he has never practiced it before; he will be more unselfish than he has ever been before.

The details of a family budget plan cannot be given in this article, but a general plan will be submitted with reference for further information.

Having arrived at the total family income the next step is to agree on the general budget items or divisions. This classification will vary according to the income and to the individual family's standard of living. The traditional classification is as follows: shelter, food, clothing, house operations, and the miscellaneous items which include savings, investments, health, education, recreation, church and charities.

In arriving at the amount to be set aside for each division an estimate must be made not only of the money required but an estimate of the quantity as well. Prices fluctuate from time to time, so the requirements in quantity are necessary and then the prices determined. The results will be a quantity and cost estimate. This estimated amount in each division, will constitute a tentative budget. Such a budget will only become a permanent budget after a careful quantity and cost account of the family expenditures has been kept over a period of years. Even then there will be emmergency items that one can never forecast, so *a savings account must be built up in order to be prepared for the inevitable "rainy day."* A successful allocation of income to the various budget items requires thoughtful consideration and great vision. Present sacrifices must be made for future gains. We find one family whose ideal is "choice food at any cost," another group may be "dress minded" and will spend the major part of the income on dress, and still another group will get more satisfaction out of a "good house well furnished," and will be willing to economize on all other budget items. Today the automobile holds the center of the stage. The family *must* have an automobile at any cost, all other items holding secondary place.

There is no standardized budget that will fit all incomes and all family groups. There is not such a thing as "standardized family living." Each family must analyze its needs and its desires in terms of its income.

The adquate food requirements of the family are determined in quantity and according to the market price paid to the producer if the food is produced by the family, or in terms of the price one has to pay in the market if the food is purchased. This will constitute the food budget. Here the housewife's knowledge of food values and of comparative food costs plays an

important role. As the income increases the actual amount spent for food increases, but the percentage decreases. Food costs include only the cost of the raw food materials; none of the costs of purchasing, preparation or serving are included.

Clothing includes the purchase price of ready-made clothing or fabrics to be made up and the labor-cost of their making. It may also include the cost of upkeep such as cleaning, laundering and repairs, or these items may be charged to service or personal.

House operations includes all expenses incurred in operating or running the house such as heat, light, cleansing agents, service, telephone, etc. House operations increase in direct proportion to the income, varying from ten to twenty percent of the income.

The miscellaneous items of the budget are in no wise standardized and no estimate can be suggested for them. It is only possible to arrive at any notion of the amount spent in these divisions after careful accounts have been kept.

Household accounting is a necessary foundation for the family budget plan. Household accounts make for a more enlightened satisfaction of human needs and for serene family relationships because they make for thrift in spending and they give a definite talking point when there is a difference of opinion as to what has been done with the money. Household accounts go far in getting the spender in the frame of mind "to get his money's worth."

*Bibliography—Economics of the Household,* Andrews; *Spending the Family Income,* S. Agnes Dunham; *The Household Budget,* Leeds; *The Business of the Household,* C. W. Taber; *Good Nutrition and Adequate Food Allowances for the Family*—New York Nutrition Council.

*Suggested:* Household account book, *The Way Out,* Paul L. Newmeyer; *The Family's Money,* July number of *The American Magazine; Some More About Household Accounts,* Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto; *Resolved, That We Learn The Art Of Spending,* Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto.

II. The Thought Exchange:

1. Suggested questions and problems:
   - (a) What constitutes an adequate food budget?
   - (b) Why should tithing, taxes, and charity receive first consideration?
   - (c) Why should women receive special training in order to measure up to their responsibility in the business of the household?
   - (d) How much does a house wife add to 100 lbs, of flour by making it into good bread?
   - (e) Why should we be trained for the responsible position of "The Family Purchasing Agent?"
   - (f) A large percentage of the money spent for food is wasted. How?
   - (g) Is it better to run "thirty day accounts" or pay cash for each purchase? Why?
   - (h) How does the family budget plan make for thrift?
2. Problems and questions presented by members of the class:

III. The Social Activity Period:
Program arranged by Committee.

IV. 1. Assignments, announcements.
2. Singing and benediction.

# ARMISTICE DAY—1918

By George Bargaehr.

Every American soldier in France or Belgium and every citizen at home remembers with some vividness the occurrences of Armistice night and each loves to tell his experiences. But, of course, I think that my experiences were not quite like those of anybody else, so I hope you will be interested in them.

We were with the 362nd Infantry in Belgium and our Battalion was at Oyke. On the night of the tenth of November we marched from Oyke through the snowy slush along a sunken road. As I remember it now, the night was dull and somewhat overcast with clouds. The vision of our surroundings was obscured by the ground rising high on either side of us. A kind of fog made such objects as we could see appear vague, indistinct and murky. However, the fog gradually cleared away.

I suppose that none of us common doughboys had any idea where we were nor where we were going, and some, I fear, had become so accustomed to following blindly and were so indifferent to our location, that on occasion it might have proved our undoing.

After a brisk march of five or six kilometers, I should judge, we came to the main highway, and in a few minutes we came first to an isolated house now and then and later rows of houses situated in such a way as to indicate that we were approaching a town. Shortly ahead of us was a great Dutch windmill obscurely outlined on the left of the road. As we marched into the town, lights showed here and there, and we could tell by the shadowy figures and the bustle that others of our Regiment had preceded us and were trying to make themselves comfortable for the night. We, therefore, concluded that this town was to be our resting place for the night.

We soon came to a very large house on the left of the road. We were ordered to stop and find quarters for ourselves for the night. We immediately went into the large house. Some men had "beaten us to it," and were busy sweeping and cleaning the floors. We had not been in the house long when the moon, which had been obscured by the clouds and fog, shone brightly for a few minutes through a great breach in the wall and roof of the house. By its light we could see our surroundings better. A great shell had torn out a corner of the roof and a section of the wall ahead of us and had perhaps exploded within the building, leaving the stairway to our right unsafe, suspended by only one of the side supports, and strewing the contents of the shattered flower boxes over the floors of the room to our left. Men were busily cleaning up the mess preparatory to making themselves beds on the floor.

We climbed the shaky stairs and, lucky for us, we found that other soldiers had occupied the room before us, and had left us a bed of straw. We made ourselves comfortable and settled down for the night.

Next morning we arose and went out into the chilly fog. Men were making fires in the side streets to keep warm and to prepare breakfast for themselves. They were strangely careless of themselves considering that the Germans were supposed to be less than half a mile distant. No shells or bullets came to warn them to be careful and men exposed themselves with increasing boldness.

No reveille was sounded and there was no information. After eating a cold breakfast, we began to explore the town. We found that we were in Bevere on the outskirts of the town of Audenarde. All the houses were deserted. Many of the windows were broken and boarded up. Many of the homes were shattered with shells. A great unexploded shell lay on the pavement in front of one store. We went into the great cathedral and picked over the ruins. The great tower had been partially shot away and one of the giant pillars that supported the immense roof was cut off as cleanly as if by a knife. Odd relics still hung in frames on the walls, but the altar and the holy things connected with it were strewn about in confusion and some of them were buried under masses of debris. Two priests were prowling about the ruins.

After inspecting the church, I went into the town. The lower part, which looked like a park, was flooded with the water from the river. The bridge over the river had been destroyed and a temporary bridge was in its place. Across the river a hill rose steeply before us. We presumed that the Germans held the crest of that hill and that they could make the crossing of the bridge warm for us. However, we felt unusually safe as no shells or bullets came to warn us to cover. The hill ahead of us certainly looked formidable and I found myself wondering how many of us would "go west" that day. It was also strangely quiet.

As we went back into the town I met a drunken French soldier riding into the town on a horse. *Le guerre est Finis*" said he, and he waved his hand unsteadily. We went further up the road and we met the Colonel of the regiment and some other officers. They were wearing their soft campaign hats.

"Why don't you shed the tin hat," said the Colonel affably as he walked by.

"Go and help Chaplain Smith," said my Lieutenant to me. I could see the Chaplain just going into the Windmill so I huried to catch him. I followed him to the back of the Windmill and there lay one of our comrades, a bullet through his forhead. He had evidently climbed to the top of the ridge by the Windmill, and when he had looked over he had been shot, and had rolled to the bottom of the ridge by the Windmill.

We examined him to find out who he was, and the Chaplain sent me to get some blankets, and some others to get a stretcher. When we returned we rolled the body in the blankets and placed it on the stretcher. Four of us took the stretcher and followed Chaplain Smith to the Catholic cemetery where some men were digging a grave. We lay the body down until the grave was completed. A large crowd gathered around. We lowered the body into its grave; the Chaplain offered a short prayer, and in a few minutes the grave was covered. One of the Knights of Columbus fashioned a head marker out of an old shell-casing and placed it at the head of the grave.

After this ceremony we went to lunch, and we munched our chow in quiet thoughtfulness. After lunch we went to hear a concert by one of the regimental bands on the public square of Audenarde. We were beginning to feel safe, and we made free to investigate the old city hall from top to bottom. Later in the day we had the pleasure of being deloused in an old factory which had been fitted for this purpose by the Germans.

We found a portable phonograph and some records in one of the houses, and we made ourselves comfortable and played many selections.

In the evening, a brilliant, clear night, we requested permission to send up the remaining star shells, but permission was refused, I think, out of courtesy to the defeated Germans and partly because the officers suspected we might need to use them.

This is how we learned of the end of the war, and how we spent Armistice day. We hope Armistice day will be the last day of great international war, and that peace can be brought to pass and good will towards all men. Nobody wins in a war. The present condition of England, France, Italy, and Germany and Austria prove this. We hope that America may take the lead in bringing about international peace, and goodwill.

*Nephi, Utah.*

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## Night Serene

The sun's last ray has sunk as in the sea,
And twilightless, the darkness gathers fast,
With tired wings the birds in bush and tree,
Have settled down to slumber sweet at last.
Majestically the feathery-palm now stands
In sombre silhouette 'gainst evening gray,
While surf and rip-tide chase the rolling sands,
And twinkling stars now shed their diamond ray.
From labyrinth of rush and business din,
To such abandon quaft from nature's share,
Impels my slumbering soul to live again—
Aye, live the beauty God has painted there.
Such love, such joy, such bliss and art divine,
Is bread of life to this weak soul of mine.

*Los Angeles, Calif.* O. F. URSENBACH.

# Editors' Table

## The Sabbath Day

The question is often asked, What shall we do on Sundays? We cannot fold our hands in contemplation and sit in the house all day and read. What then shall we do? Where shall we draw the line between do and don't? This is particularly the cry of the young people when we speak of honoring the Sabbath day.

What does the Lord say about it? Let us consider a few things he tells us that we can do on the Sabbath day.

1. Sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness. This means we are to give up, for the health and comfort of others, some selfish things that we ourselves want to do. Sunday is the day of service and sacrifice as well as worship. We can visit the sick and the poor and bestow help and comfort instead of seeking selfishly the freedom that pleases us.

2. Go to the House of prayer (your sacramental meetings) and offer up your sacraments unto the Lord and thank him in all things. This means that we renew, seal, and ratify, our covenants between ourselves and God, which we made at the waters of baptism. Showing also that we are willing to take upon us the name of Christ, and that we do remember him—a sign of real spiritual feeling in the soul.

3. Rest from you labors. Do no unnecessary work of any kind. It is a day of relief from physical and mental labor. It is a day mainly provided for the needed rest for man and beast.

4. Worship God. Pay your devotions to the Most High. This means that we confess our shortcomings and sins and remember to fulfil our sacred vows and promises made to the Lord in holy places. That we recognize God as our Father and Jesus Christ, his Son, as our Savior, and remember to fulfil our promises to them and keep their commandments.

5. Render your unselfish services with glad hearts and with thanksgiving and cheerful countenances. Throw aside all resentment. Enter into the spirit of worship. Love God with all your heart, and serve him in the name of Jesus Christ, thus keeping the Sabbath day holy.

As to the joy, and the beautiful temporal and spiritual blessings coming to us if Sunday is thus spent, read the exhaustless promises in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 59, verses 3-5; 15-20, inclusive. You may be sure also that these pledges of the Lord shall be fulfilled for he declares, "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise."

When in doubt as to what to do on the Sabbath, let us just ask

ourselves: Is that which I am contemplating doing, holy? Is the purpose of it holy? What does holy mean?

These are very important questions because we are asked to keep holy the Sabbath day. Holy means innocent, virtuous, spiritually sound, free from sinful affection, pure in heart, guiltless and acceptable to God.

We have, of course, our free agency and, in possession of the facts, must judge for ourselves what to do and what not to do. Young children, however, are not to be governed by their own feelings, which are generally expressed in the selfish declaration, "I want to," but they should be ruled by the counsel and direct statement of their parents who are responsible for them, and who must insist upon teaching them in their early days what to do and what not to do.

Now here are some things that are sometimes indulged in, which, in our judgment, are not suitable to act up to on the Sabbath day. In view of what the Lord has said, what is your judgment about doing the following things on Sunday? Hiking for pleasure over the hills; auto riding for pleasure; hunting and fishing; attending movies, theatres, secular musical concerts, and pleasure resorts; working in gardens and on farms; mowing or tending lawns; doing odd jobs around the premises; playing golf or any other game; dancing in public halls, and in homes; attending races or ball games; holding trousseau teas; absenting one's self from sacramental and religious services.

In our opinion, all these, and kindred actions involving work, pleasure and entertainment, are against the spirit of the Sabbath day and contrary to the will of the Lord. Our counsel and advice, therefore, to parents and young people, is well stated by Joshua to the children of Israel in the following paraphrase: "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and truth * * * and if it seems evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye shall serve * * * but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The people of Israel in answer to this appeal by Joshua, said: "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord; * * * the Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey."

On this holiday occasion, we do honor and respect the birthday of Christ by the spirit of giving, by love and service, to our fellows. Let us not forget there is one other thing we can do to honor him: We can keep his commandments, one of which is: The Sabbath is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay your devotions to the Most High.—A.

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## An Appeal for Co-operation in Recreation

*To Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of Wards:*

*Dear Brethren:* As you know, the Presidency of the Church have assigned to the General Boards of the Young Mens' and Young

Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, supervision over the general recreational activities of the Church, to establish and maintain proper standards in this field through their organization.

In carrying out this assignment, we have made suggestions from time to time, to our local Mutual officers; and, generally, we have sent copies of these instructions to Presidents of stakes and Bishops of wards, so that they, too, might be familiar with what we are trying to accomplish.

Through this assignment, we are charged with the task of leadership in recreation for all the organizations. However, it is not possible for us successfully to carry this work forward, without the full and hearty cooperation of all the organizations of the Church. Full cooperation and sympathy is not possible unless the heads of these several auxiliary organizations in both the stakes and wards, under the help of the stake presidents and ward bishops, have the opportunity to participate in the building of our recreational program. We have, therefore, suggested that the Stake Recreation Committee, shall be chosen by the Presidency of the stake and the officers of the Young Mens' and Young Ladies' of the stake. This committee is charged with the responsibility of bringing a suggestive program of standards in recreation to the officers of the stake boards of the Mutuals. When these have approved it, they are to present it to the Presidency of the stake, who will in turn bring the matter before the heads of all the stake auxiliary boards. The Presidency of the Church have suggested that there be a meeting occasionally, and we have suggested once a month, to hear the reports of the Mutual officers and the M. I. A. Committee on Recreation, in this field. Undoubtedly, there will be other matters also that will need attention at these meetings for joint discussion, decision and cooperation.

It is also suggested that there should be a meeting at least once each month in the ward, with the Bishopric presiding. Here the reports of the Mutual officers of the ward, who bring the recommendations of the ward M. I. A. Committee on Recreation for the consideration of the officers of all the organizations, should be considered. At this meeting the fullest freedom should be given to rebuild the program suggested, to alter or change it, and finally to adopt it, that it may become the program for recreation in the ward in which all the organizations may cooperate under the leadership of the M. I. A. Committee on Recreation.

We hope that you are assisting our officers to accomplish this task, and that we have your full cooperation and help to get the support of all the other organizations in your stake and in your ward, that there may be success to the entire Church through this fine spirit of cooperation in this field and in this obligation which have come to the M. I. A.

Of course, you understand also that our object in producing a program of recreation is to provide good, wholesome recreation for

the membership of the Church, where we may keep the flock clean, keep the wolves out. We are not to look upon recreation as essentially for the purpose of raising money, but for the purpose, chiefly, of giving the young people of our Church, and older members, a good, healthy, clean recreational program, in which all may fully participate. At the same time, we expect recreation to pay its own way, and probably it will do more than that. We should try, from the proceeds, to build up our recreational facilities. The matter of distributing these funds, it must be remembered, is entirely in the hands of the Bishopric of the ward and the officers of the auxiliary organizations who have raised the funds.

Hoping that we may be helpful in assisting you to solve some of these problems for the members of the Church, in your stakes and wards,

We are, with best wishes and compliments of the season,

Your brethren,
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
*Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A.*

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## The Morning

The mountain spires are tipped with gold
And sunbeams shower upon the hills;
The Darkness which made night so bold
Is chased away. And light now fills
Each cragged gorge and wooded glen,
And e'en the dark rock-walled abyss
Doth smooth it's scowling brow again,
To catch an early morning kiss.

Below, the broad green valley lies,
Its breast bespangled with the dew;
All peaceful 'neath the vaulted skies
It smiles, at yonder changing blue;
'Tis bordered with uneven shades,
Poor relics of departed night,
Warm sunbeams sip from tender blades
The liquid pearls pure, clear, and bright.

*Logan, Utah.* SAMUEL B. MITTON.

# Priesthood Quorums

## Melchizedek Priesthood Study for 1926

### "DISCOURSES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG"

The text to be used by the Melchizedek Priesthood, during the years 1925 and 1926, is entitled, *Discourses of Brigham Young.* It is a collection of excerpts from the sermons of President Brigham Young, so selected and arranged as to give a comprehensive view of the gospel teachings of Brigham Young, second president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

President Young received his gospel teaching directly from the Prophet Joseph. He was in close association with the Prophet for a number of years and was his faithful disciple. Brigham Young taught the people the gospel as it was taught him by the Prophet and as it developed in his mind under the inspiration that led him to apply gospel principles to human needs.

Such a text book was made possible because President Brigham Young was accompanied on his speaking tours by stenographers who reported nearly everything that President Young said, and later published their reports in the *Journal of Discourses*, the *Deseret News*, the *Millennial Star*, and other publications. Upwards of five hundred discourses of Brigham Young have been printed.

Clearly, to make such a mass of valuable material available to the reader it became necessary to take from each discourse the most important sayings. This has been done in the present text book for the Melchizedek priesthood.

At present there has been a renewed discussion of the life and character of Brigham Young. Recent publications have placed him before the public in a false light. In this book, Brigham Young is allowed to speak for himself. These discourses are the best answer that could be made to those who have been defamers of his character. Moreover the discourses carry a wealth of doctrinal information from the point of view of a man who constantly attempted to utilize the gospel in the spiritual needs and practical affairs of men. It is a volume of exceptional value. Its pages are filled with gospel statements which interest and thrill the reader. Undoubtedly, this course of study will be of great interest to the priesthood. The book contains forty-two chapters, twenty-one for each of the two years. The chapter headings follow:

| | |
|---|---|
| Chapter 1 | The Gospel Difined. |
| Chapter 2 | The Godhead. |
| Chapter 3 | The Communication Between God and Man. |
| Chapter 4 | Pre-existence; the Plan of Salvation. |
| Chapter 5 | Free Agency. |
| Chapter 6 | The Power of Evil. |
| Chapter 7 | The Law of Eternal Progression. |
| Chapter 8 | The Destiny of Man. |
| Chapter 9 | Dispensations of the Gospel. |
| Chapter 10 | The Last Days. |
| Chapter 11 | The Scriptures. |
| Chapter 12 | The Prisethood. |
| Chapter 13 | The First Principles of the Gospel. |
| Chapter 14 | The Sabbath; Meetings The Sacrament. |
| Chapter 14 | Tithing; The United Order. |
| Chapter 16 | The Word of Wisdom. |
| Chapter 17 | The Family. |
| Chapter 18 | Some Womanly Duties. |
| Chapter 19 | Obedience. |
| Chapter 29 | Gratitude, Humility, Devotion, Liberality, Honesty. |
| Chapter 21 | Happiness and Social Enjoyments. |
| Chapter 22 | Education. |
| Chapter 23 | Self Control. |
| Chapter 24 | Our Fellow-Men. |
| Chapter 25 | Unity and Cooperation. |
| Chapter 26 | Thrift and Industry. |
| Chapter 27 | Wealth. |

Chapter 28 Missionary Work.
Chapter 29 Visions, Mysteries and Miracles.
Chapter 30 Trials and Persecution.
Chapter 31 Political Government.
Chapter 32 Death and the Resurrection.
Chapter 33 The Spirit World.
Chapter 34 Eternal Judgment.
Chapter 35 Salvation.
Chapter 36 Temples and Salvation for the Dead.
Chapter 37 Man's Search for Truth and Salvation.
Chapter 38 Testimony of the Truth.
Chapter 39 The Church and Kingdom of God on Earth.
Chapter 40 Some effects of the Gospel.
Chapter 41 Joseph Smith the Prophet.
Chapter 42 The Settlement in the West.

# Aaronic Priesthood Standards

The Presiding Bishopric are desirous of securing uniformity throughout all the stakes and wards of the Church in the supervision and care of all members of the Aaronic Priesthood. To promote the greatest attendance and activity of the young men in their growing duties, the following standards are established. It is expected that in every stake and ward throughout the Church these standards can and will be fully met:

(1) *Meetings*: It is very desirable, if possible, that weekly Priesthood meetings be held throughout the year.
Lesson outline being studied should be completed by the 31st of December ready to take up the next year's outlines for the different quorums.

(2) *Stake Supervision*: The High Council Committee, with other assistants, if desired.
Organize somewhat as a stake auxiliary board.
Visit all quorums regularly.
See that the program is carried out systematically.

(3) *Ward Supervision*: Bishopric, assisted by three supervisors, who may also act as class leaders.
*Each member of the bishopric to have direct charge of one grade of the Priesthood.*

(4) *Supervisors' Duties*: Arrange and follow up weekly assignments, attendance, etc.
Prepare reports. (If class leaders, prepare and give lessons.)
Best fitted men in ward to be selected as supervisors and class leaders.

(5) *Ordinations—Advancement*: Based on their diligence, boys to be ordained to and in the Priesthood, as follows:
Deacons—12 years, (3-year course.)
Teachers—15 years, (2-year course.)
Priests—17 years, (3-year course.)
Elders—20 years.
Boys to be ordained, if prepared, as near their birthdays as possible.
Candidates to be individually prepared for at least six months before advancement.

(6) *Quorum Meetings—Class Work*: Each quorum meets separately.
Arrange order of business.
Presidency of quorum in charge. (Aided by member of bishopric.)
Only one roll of all members.
Have members report activity of past week on roll call.

(a) *Preliminary Matters for Consideration*: Attendance, visits to sick members, social gatherings, outings, week's assignments.

(b) *Class Work*: Presidency turns class over to class leader. Presentation, discussion, assignment of next lesson.

(7) *Assignments, Activities*: List of possible activities. (See front of quorum roll book.)
Assignments made should be noted on roll book. Whether performed or not, should be marked by (1) or (0) placed through previous mark at the next meeting.
Supervisor's business to see that there is no failure.
Assignments of members to be in rotation.
Ward supervisors to hold short weekly meetings to consider assignments made, follow up the members, keep record complete, make out reports.

(8) *Fraternal Activities*: Systematic visits to members in sickness or distress.
Welcoming new members.
Farewell to members leaving ward.

(9) *Social Gatherings, Outings*: Gatherings that will promote sociability and refinement.
Once in two months in Winter, once a month in Summer.

(10) *Union Meetings, Monthly Reports*: Monthly union meetings of (bishoprics), ward supervisors, class leaders and presidencies and secretaries of quorums, under direction of high council committee, are very advantageous. However, at least systematic weekly visits by stake committee members and securing of monthly reports from all wards should be carried out.
Monthly reports should show attendance (comparative) visits made, social gatherings, etc., and activities performed.

## Lesser Priesthood Course of Study, 1926

The course of study for the Priests is entitled, *Missionary Themes, a Manual for the Priest's Quorums.* The course for the Teachers, *Manual for the Teachers' Quorums, No. 1;* and for the Deacons', *Manual for the Deacons' Quorums, No. 2.*

These manuals are being printed and will be on sale at the Deseret Book Store early in December. The cost of the Priest's manual will be 15c postpaid, and the Teachers' and Deacons', 10c each, postpaid.

A special effort is being made by the Presiding Bishopric to encourage bishops of wards to see that all members of their wards holding the Lesser Priesthood shall be provided with their respective manuals, and that the quorums shall be organized with competent instructors, to commence their new work during the first week of January, 1926.

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## Reflections

*One moment ago* I visioned yesterday; mine eyes beheld the golden hours, as they spread themselves upon the barren wastes of time. These hours were mine; but time passed by, and I awakened this morning ashamed and bent—not that God would take away, but that I had lost the things that could, and should have been.

*One moment ago* I visioned yesterday: mine eyes beheld faith's tributaries, flowing ever into life's great stream. I omitted to plant in fertile soil those seeds that grow into golden deeds; and now I must atone for those lost hours, and build again my faith in him who loves and gives.

*One moment ago* I visioned yesterday: mine eyes beheld the agonies of misspent time. Thank God! that vision closed; and the glories of a newborn day are mine. They give me hope—aye, strength to be a man; to gather up the broken bits of life, and build a deeper faith in those rich promises that come from God, which I may use for him and fellow-men.

JOSEPH QUINNEY, JR.

*Toronto, Canada.*

# Mutual Work

## The Most Complete of All

The Playground, a monthly magazine published by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, contains the following complimentary notice of the *M. I. A. Recreation Bulletin No. 5,* in their October issue, 1925.

"*Recreation Bulletin, No. 5,* Mutual Improvement Association, Published by General Boards of M. I. A., Salt Lake City, Utah.

"For the benefit of their recreation committees and leaders, the General Boards of the M. I. A. of the 'Mormon' Church have compiled in a booklet of 156 pages all the previously issued bulletins on recreation together with some new material. There are suggested activities for all phases of the recreation program—physical, social, dramatic, musical, linguistic and others, and suggestions for leadership, home recreation, and for general features.

"This reference book represents one of the most complete and practical compilations which any recreation group has yet issued."

Mr. C. H. English, Supervisor of Bureau of Recreation, Board of Education of the city of Chicago, in writing to Executive Director, Oscar A. Kirkham, states that he had a very interesting conference with L. H. Weir of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, and Mr. Weir spoke especially well of the *M. I. A. Bulletin No. 5,* recently published on recreation. He stated that it was "the best thing" he had seen.

## Motion Pictures

The following pictures have been previewed and found acceptable by the Committee.

*The Bandit's Baby,* 5 reels, Fred Thompson; *The Keeper of the Bees,* by Gene Stratton Porter, 7 reels, Robert Fraser, Gene Stratton, Alyee Mills, Clara Bow, Joseph S. Wichard, Martha Mattox; *Druscilla With a Million,* 8 reels, Mary Car, Priscilla Bonnie, Keneth Harland; *Jimmie's Millions,* 8 reels, Richard Talmage; *Lady Robinhood,* 6 reels, Evelyn Brent; *White Fang,* 6 reels, Strong Heart; *Ridden Conutt,* 5 reels; *Let's Go,* 6 reels, Richard Talmage. Real stunts by himself. *The Danger Line.* 6 reels, Madam Tsura Aoki and Sessue Hayakawya. A Japanese love and war drama. *Women Men Marry,* 6 reels, Florence Dixon; *Youth and Adventures,* 6 reels, Richard Talmage; *That Devil Guemado,* 5 reels, Richard Talmage; *The Mysterious Stranger,* 5 reels, Richard Talmage; *Blood Hound,* 5 reels, Bob Custer; *Stream of Life,* 6 reels, Nettie Davenport, Frank Wilson, M. J. Gross.

## Utah Scout Conference

At the Older Scout Conference of Utah, held in Salt Lake City, October 22-23-24, 1925, the following conference slogan and resolutions were passed at the closing session; every scout pledged to do his best:

Slogan: "Carry On."

Resolutions: We, the older scouts of Utah, believe that we can best help ourselves by helping others in:

(a) The Church—
By greater loyalty and a higher standard of morality.

(b) The Home—The greatest factor in developing character and leadership.
By creating home atmosphere through love, cheerfulness and obedience.

(c) The School—
Through an "A" record in application and conduct.

OLDER SCOUT CONFERENCE OF UTAH, OCTOBER 22-24, 1925

(d) The Community—
By the development of civic pride, by cooperation with town movements.
(e) Scouting—
By returning service to the movement through personal contact.

It is the belief of the older scouts that no one of these above resolutions can be complete without one *good turn daily.*

## Life Memberships

The general officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. are grateful for the response that has come to the roll of life memberships this season. Neola ward of the Roosevelt stake is among the wards that have recently made good showing in this department. Thanks. The General Board expect at least one life membership from each ward each year. The response each year so far has been gratifying. Summit stake came in with a fine showing also.

## Los Angeles Fathers and Sons

Superintendent Charles N. Norberg informs us that the Los Angeles stake had a wonderful spirit and attendance at the Fathers and Sons' Outing this summer. It was held sixty-five miles from Los Angeles at Glen's

Ranch. There were three hundred and five in attendance. V. M. Jones, J. A. Rasmusson, Edwin M. LeBaron and Basil T. Kerr are the brethren most responsible for the success of the outing. The photo was taken by Wm. L. Skidmore. The Los Angeles stake never does things by halves and the Fathers and Sons' Outing in 1925 is a living witness.

## Hawaiian Jubilee Conference

We have just held one of the most successful M. I. A. Conferences in the history of the mission, and indeed feel that the Jubilee Year Celebrations and contest work are real stepping stones in the mission's records. Because of great distances, and lack of facilities, we were unable to have a general M. I. A. Conference, separate from the General Conference. Our contest work was naturally the biggest part of the celebration, and we received much assistance from the *Hand Book.* Rules and regulations regarding entries in the events were mailed last January to the seven conferences, where Mutual work is organized. Each conference president outlined the preliminary contest in his own districts. Most of the entrants in the male quartette and public speaking were members of the M Men's organizations, but because

some of the M. I. A.'s are not completely organized with "M" Men, we were unable to require that all entrants in these events be members of the club. Each conference was allowed but one entrant in each event. The work was held the Saturday night of conference, April 25, and we were granted the privilege by President Neff of opening the new social hall at Kalihi, Honolulu. The judges of the contest were non-members of the Church, which proved a very satisfactory arrangement.

A crowd of 1,500 was assembled as 7:00 o'clock in the hall, and on the plasterer's scaffolds outside. The events were public speaking, seven minutes, story telling, seven minutes, solo, male quartette, female quartette, mixed quartette, steel guitar, and parent's class chorus. Each of the musical numbers was limited to one verse and two choruses. The speaking events were in both English and Hawaiian, and most of the music was Hawaiian. Individual winners were not announced, but each winner was given a certain number of points; for example, there were six entrants in public speaking. First place was given six points, second, five; third, four, etc. The Laie conference where the temple and Church plantation are located was the winner, and was presented with a green and gold banner, on which were inscribed the words; "L. D. S. Hawaiian Mission M. I. A. Contest, 1925." This was presented to them at the party and dance given by the general board on Monday, April 27. We feel that this is but a beginning in our contest work, and expect to begin our next year's activities early in the fall.—G. *Elroy Nelson,* President Mission Mutuals.

## Uintah Stake Fathers and Sons

The fathers and sons of Uintah stake held their outing last summer in Trout Creek Park. They had a glorious time. Congressman Don B. Colton, and President Wallace Calder, of Vernal, took active part with the youngsters in the games. The picture to the right shows them in action. The photo to the left shows Sidney Lewis, 78, the oldest, and Newell Remington, the youngest who took part. There were 87 people in the company, and the outing lasted three days. R. Remington had charge for the Recreation Committee.

# Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, October, 1925

| STAKES | Should be Enrolled | No. Wards | No. Wards Reporting | Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment | Ad. Senior Enrollment | Senior Enrollment | Ad. Junior Enrollment | Junior Enrollment | Total | Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance | Ad. Senior Attendance | Senior Attendance | Ad. Junior Attendance | Junior Attendance | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bear River | 476 | 12 | 5 | 42 | 41 | 31 | 6 | 45 | 165 | 29 | 40 | 24 | 6 | 35 | 134 |
| Beaver | 309 | 7 | 2 | 18 | 35 | 25 | | 38 | 116 | 17 | 29 | 17 | | 23 | 86 |
| Box Elder | 647 | 13 | 12 | 85 | 178 | 90 | 33 | 180 | 566 | 74 | 107 | 47 | 26 | 133 | 387 |
| Cache | 520 | 8 | 3 | 37 | 23 | 57 | | 68 | 185 | 26 | 9 | 29 | | 45 | 109 |
| Cottonwood | 717 | 10 | 10 | 89 | 75 | 151 | 12 | 191 | 518 | 74 | 45 | 108 | | 150 | 377 |
| Deseret | 435 | 12 | 10 | 89 | 121 | 79 | 7 | 80 | 376 | 67 | 89 | 53 | 5 | 69 | 283 |
| Emery | 509 | 9 | 5 | 38 | 19 | 68 | | 142 | 267 | 31 | 17 | 57 | | 120 | 225 |
| Garfield | 277 | 8 | 2 | 15 | 12 | 15 | | 14 | 56 | 10 | 7 | 10 | | 8 | 35 |
| Granite | 1000 | 9 | 8 | 93 | 75 | 142 | 98 | 203 | 615 | 80 | 49 | 112 | 70 | 156 | 467 |
| Jordan | 1010 | 16 | 13 | 108 | 155 | 127 | | 220 | 610 | 95 | 123 | 94 | | 177 | 489 |
| Juab | 339 | 5 | 5 | 46 | 87 | 78 | | 106 | 317 | 37 | 70 | 40 | | 68 | 215 |
| Liberty | 1350 | 12 | 12 | 118 | 150 | 223 | 109 | 276 | 876 | 105 | 126 | 169 | 85 | 229 | 714 |
| Logan | 616 | 11 | 10 | 99 | 68 | 78 | | 161 | 406 | 85 | 58 | 66 | | 128 | 337 |
| Millard | 344 | 8 | 8 | 53 | 67 | 40 | 11 | 56 | 227 | 44 | 52 | 29 | 3 | 60 | 188 |
| North Davis | 435 | 6 | 6 | 56 | 41 | 44 | 8 | 69 | 218 | 44 | 40 | 34 | 79 | 64 | 189 |
| North Sanpete | 768 | 10 | 5 | 42 | 31 | 60 | 19 | 86 | 238 | 34 | 16 | 31 | 12 | 65 | 158 |
| Oquirrh | 462 | 5 | 5 | 52 | 49 | 73 | 14 | 111 | 299 | 41 | 37 | 56 | 11 | 72 | 217 |
| Parowan | 521 | 8 | 6 | 36 | 88 | 50 | 14 | 57 | 245 | 38 | 44 | 27 | 12 | 42 | 163 |
| Pioneer | 776 | 10 | 8 | 62 | 40 | 94 | 43 | 97 | 336 | 56 | 34 | 69 | 30 | 88 | 277 |
| San Juan | 172 | 4 | 3 | 29 | 48 | 44 | 18 | 65 | 204 | 19 | 32 | 22 | 10 | 39 | 122 |
| Sevier | 360 | 6 | 6 | 46 | 54 | 52 | | 117 | 269 | 35 | 38 | 36 | | 93 | 202 |
| South Davis | 526 | 8 | 6 | 51 | 50 | 57 | | 120 | 278 | 49 | 86 | 57 | | 116 | 308 |
| South Sanpete | 458 | 7 | 6 | 48 | 8 | 42 | | 87 | 185 | 29 | 4 | 28 | | 56 | 117 |
| South Sevier | 304 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | | 3 | 11 | 2 | 2 | 3 | | 3 | 10 |
| Tintic | 264 | 5 | 4 | 32 | 45 | 27 | | 63 | 167 | 22 | 28 | 15 | | 48 | 113 |
| Bannock | 242 | 8 | 6 | 64 | 79 | 63 | | 55 | 261 | 52 | 48 | 43 | | 40 | 183 |
| Bear Lake | 363 | 11 | 11 | 80 | 91 | 101 | 29 | 91 | 392 | 54 | 55 | 61 | 14 | 74 | 258 |
| Franklin | 420 | 11 | 8 | 76 | 55 | 51 | | 107 | 289 | 46 | 30 | 21 | | 42 | 139 |
| Fremont | 687 | 14 | 11 | 80 | 117 | 92 | 21 | 97 | 407 | 71 | 98 | 68 | 14 | 73 | 324 |
| Pocatello | 524 | 10 | 8 | 73 | 73 | 67 | 32 | 119 | 364 | 67 | 57 | 55 | 31 | 98 | 308 |
| Raft River | 160 | 9 | 5 | 38 | 35 | 31 | | 34 | 138 | 31 | 15 | 20 | | 25 | 91 |
| Shelley | 326 | 9 | 6 | 43 | 48 | 38 | 14 | 32 | 175 | 29 | 36 | 26 | 11 | 24 | 126 |
| Teton | 300 | 8 | 6 | 54 | 24 | 52 | 4 | 52 | 236 | 39 | 71 | 33 | 4 | 36 | 183 |
| Twin Falls | 210 | 6 | 5 | 50 | 53 | 29 | | 44 | 176 | 36 | 52 | 25 | | 39 | 158 |
| Yellowstone | 296 | 10 | 8 | 45 | 62 | 48 | 3 | 55 | 213 | 34 | 51 | 37 | 1 | 42 | 165 |
| Alberta | 380 | 12 | 4 | 33 | 53 | 52 | 17 | 64 | 219 | 27 | 36 | 41 | 13 | 46 | 163 |
| Lethbridge | 225 | 9 | 5 | 41 | 53 | 51 | 17 | 36 | 198 | 33 | 32 | 31 | 9 | 29 | 134 |
| Los Angeles | 520 | 17 | 17 | 95 | 140 | 180 | | 170 | 585 | 83 | 115 | 160 | | 152 | 510 |
| Maricopa | 390 | 8 | 8 | 68 | 108 | 73 | 11 | 100 | 360 | 55 | 80 | 59 | 10 | 83 | 287 |
| Moapa | 237 | 8 | 7 | 56 | 55 | 59 | 18 | 66 | 354 | 45 | 46 | 40 | 16 | 45 | 192 |
| St. Joseph | 478 | 15 | 13 | 92 | 115 | 110 | 46 | 133 | 496 | 75 | 85 | 72 | 35 | 104 | 371 |
| Star Valley | 359 | 11 | 9 | 74 | 57 | 86 | 6 | 84 | 307 | 57 | 43 | 61 | 5 | 53 | 219 |
| Woodruff | 435 | 9 | 6 | 50 | 63 | 58 | 7 | 79 | 257 | 38 | 46 | 31 | 5 | 42 | 162 |
| Young | 102 | 4 | 4 | 25 | 15 | 34 | 10 | 20 | 104 | 16 | 12 | 25 | 7 | 15 | 75 |
| N. W. States | 214 | 18 | 9 | 46 | 69 | 27 | 7 | 20 | 169 | 42 | 63 | 29 | 7 | 15 | 156 |

Notice that over half of the stakes have not reported for October. Many errors have appeared in the reports submitted, especially in item 2. Remember this is two-thirds of the enrollment, or else the nearest actual percentage. For November all reports should be in hand at this general office by December 10. Thank you; and success to our many excellent workers.

# Y. M. M. I. A. Effeciency Report, October, 1925

| STAKES | Membership | Class Work | Recreation | Scout Work | "M" Men | Slogan | "Era" | Fund | Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs. | Ward Officers' Meetings | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bear River | 4 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 82 |
| Beaver | 7 | ---- | 7 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 59 |
| Box Elder | 9 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 2 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 84 |
| Cache | 4 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 3 | 2 | 10 | 10 | 69 |
| Cottonwood | 7 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 87 |
| Deseret | 8 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 9 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 67 |
| Emery | 5 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 3 | 8 | 9 | 77 |
| Garfield | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | ---- | 7 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 73 |
| Granite | 6 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 4 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 82 |
| Jordan | 6 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 3 | 10 | 6 | 76 |
| Juab | 9 | 10 | 10 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 8 | 82 |
| Liberty | 7 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 91 |
| Logan | 6 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 2 | 10 | 9 | 77 |
| Millard | 7 | 10 | 10 | 2 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 6 | 57 |
| North Davis | 5 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 9 | 83 |
| North Sanpete | 3 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 43 |
| Oquirrh | 6 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 1 | 10 | 10 | 81 |
| Parowan | 5 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 2 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 61 |
| Pioneer | 4 | 10 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 2 | 8 | 8 | 63 |
| San Juan | 10 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 67 |
| Sevier | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 89 |
| South Davis | 5 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 90 |
| South Sanpete | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 91 |
| South Sevier | 1 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 22 |
| Tintic | 6 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 68 |
| Bannock | 10 | 10 | 10 | ---- | ---- | 10 | 10 | ---- | 10 | 10 | 70 |
| Bear Lake | 10 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 1 | 10 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 68 |
| Franklin | 6 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 72 |
| Fremont | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 10 | 9 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 72 |
| Pocatello | 7 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 80 |
| Raft River | 9 | 10 | 10 | ---- | 2 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 69 |
| Shelley | 5 | 10 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 50 |
| Teton | 8 | 10 | 9 | ---- | 3 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 5 | 69 |
| Twin Falls | 8 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 71 |
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| Alberta | 6 | 10 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 40 |
| Lethbridge | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 96 |
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| Moapa | 10 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 77 |
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| Star Valley | 8 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 74 |
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# Passing Events

*The pari-mutuel section of the Redd horse racing act of 1925 is unconstitutional,* according to a decision of Judge L. B. Wight in the Third judicial district, Oct. 26, 1925. His honor held that horse racing in Utah is a mixed game of skill and chance and therefore illegal.

*An anti-cancer serum* is said to have been discovered by Dr. Thomas Lumsden of the Lister Institute of Preventive medicine. The serum is obtained from horses, and it is said to have cured animals. It remains to be seen whether it will be equally effective in human beings.

*A Syrian republic* has been proclaimed, with Bakri, the chief of the Syrian rebels as president, according to a dispatch from Cairo to the Paris *Liberte,* Nov. 5, 1925. American destroyers have been dispatched from Alexandria to Beirut, in order to "protect American interests" and to aid American refugees, if necessary.

*Charles E. Dinwoody,* of the Idaho Falls presidency, died at his home in Idaho Falls, Idaho, Oct. 25, 1925, of pneumonia. He was born in Salt Lake City, Feb. 28, 1876, the son of the late James Dinwoody and Sarah Dinwoody. For 27 years he has been prominent in the building up of Idaho Falls, both materially and spiritually.

*"The United States of Europe"* is the conception of French business men, and an international conference will be called in the near future to lay the economic foundation of such a Union. Louis Loucheur, who proposes the conference, thinks the customs barriers between the different countries should be broken down, because "high tariff competition is as dangerous to peace as competition in armaments."

*Paul Painleve is the new French premier,* and also finance minister of the new cabinet. He succeeded in forming a ministry, which was completed at 5 o'clock a. m., Oct. 29, 1925, after an all night's vigil and effort. It is believed in Washington that the new ministry will come to an agreement with the United States concerning the war debt. Former Premier Herriot refused to accept a place under Painleve.

*"Autogyro" is the name of a new type of flying machine,* which is said to have made a successful flight at the Farnborough airdrome, England, Oct. 19, piloted by Captain Frank F. Courtney. The inventor is Senor Juan de la Cierva. The plane rises and sets vertically, and can, therefore, take off from and land on the deck of a ship. The experiment was witnessed by Sir Samuel Hoar and a number of air ministry officials.

*The coffin containing the mummy of Tutankhamen* was uncovered Nov. 5 by Howard Carter, the American Egyptologist. The actual coffin of the king was covered with gold ornamentation of marvelous workmanship, but was partly concealed by a black, glutinous layer, apparently from the funeral libations. Carter intends to take the mummy out of the coffin, after which it will be wrapped up again to await the decision of the Egyptian government as to its disposal.

*"Bart of Kane County and Other Stories"* is the name of a collection of short stories by Harrison R. Merrill, a well known Utah writer. Besides a number of stories that have appeared from time to time in the *Era,* the volume will contain several new ones. All of these stories have western settings and a western flavor. Since the *Era* stories, especially, are stories of purpose, the volume will no doubt be welcomed by people who have sons

and daughters, and by those who would like to send a missionary a helpful Christmas gift. The book will be ready by December 15.

*William M. Roylance, former mayor of Provo, Utah, died* there at his home, Oct. 15, 1925, 60 years old. He was born in Springville, March 31, 1865. Mr. Roylance has the credit of having started the movement of shipping fruit out of Utah, which, from a small beginning, has grown to immense proportions. He has been active in politics, having served in the legislature, in the Springville city council, and as mayor of Provo. In 1885 he married Laura Turner. The widow, two sons, Martin W. and Wm. C. Roylance, and two daughters, Mrs. Abe W. Turner and Mrs. Frank K. Dunn survive him; also four brothers and two sisters.

*The Permanent Court of International justice began its extraordinary session*, October 26, at the Hague. The world court was asked by the Council of the League of Nations to decide two points: First, whether in settling the conflict over the Mosul the Council plays the role of arbitrator under the Lausanne treaty or the role of mediator under the covenant of the League of Nations; and, second, whether the Council must necessarily be unanimous in reaching a decision, or, in other words, whether Great Britain, as a member of the Council, is entitled to vote on the question. The Turkish government declined to be represented at the hearing.

*Damascus has been partly destroyed by shell and fire*, according to a report from Haifa, in Palestine, Oct. 31, 1925. The French governor, General Sarrail, has tried the impossible task of subduing the Druses by military force, instead of governing them as a free people. And when he undertook to parade the dead bodies of 22 "agitators" in the street, in order to strike terror in the rebellious population, the indignation rose to such a height that the French decided to bomb the ancient city as a means of self-defense. But the French in Syria are now confronted with a general "rebellion," and the story of the destruction of Damascus has shocked the civilized world. France has again demonstrated her inability to govern a dependent people by undemocratic methods.

*An ultimatum was sent Oct. 21, by* the Greek government to Bulgaria, demanding an indemnity of 2,000,000 francs, an apology and punishment of certain Bulgarian officers. Greek troops are said to have penetrated into Bulgarian territory and occupied Petrich. Bulgarians are said to have attacked a Greek post near Demihissar, Oct. 20, and a Greek captain with a white flag, it is charged, was killed. Hence the ultimatum. Two American destroyers are dispatched from Gibraltar to Alexandria, to be used, if necessary, in Syrian ports. Oct. 22, it was reported that military operations had ceased, and that the Council of the League of Nations, on the appeal of Bulgaria, would take the matter up on Oct. 26. Bulgarian accounts say that 25 Bulgarians have been killed and 15,000 made homeless, and that the Greeks have occupied 240 square miles of Bulgarian territory.

*Greece and Bulgaria were ordered to cease hostilities* within twenty-four hours, Oct. 26, 1925, by the Council of the League of Nations, in extra session at Paris. At the same time the Council decided to dispatch officers to the scene of the trouble, to ascertain whether the order had been carried out. The representatives of the two belligerents assured the Council that their respective governments would abide by the decision, but the Greek delegate would communicate with his government before making any promises. Mr. Austen Chamberlain for Great Britain said it would be "an affront to civilization if, with all the machinery of the League at their disposal, and the Council ever ready with its good offices, frontier incidents like those between Greece and Bulgaria should lead to warlike operations instead of being submitted for peaceful adjustment to the Council." M. Briand, for France, said: "Let it be carefully understood that this time limit runs from now. It will

not suffice to retire to the special frontiers: there must be no shooting from the frontiers." Europe has now, in this way, through its most powerful spokesman, branded murder and land grabbing as a crime, even if a government is the responsible culprit. The government that continues war operations in defiance of the decision of the Council is, according to Article 16 of the Covenant of the League, regarded as the enemy of all the members of the League, and they may cut all trade and financial relations, and prohibit all financial and even personal intercourse between the nationals of that government and those of the League. No power in our day can afford to place its subjects under such a ban.

*The Locarno Pact* was accepted, Oct. 14, 1925, by the German cabinet, with the approval of Pres. Hindenburg. Chancellor Luther and Foreign Minister Stresemann were authorized to sign it in behalf of Germany. The pact, as approved by the conference, Oct. 15, provides that the frontiers of the nations concerned shall remain as fixed by the Versailles treaty, each nation pledges itself not to make war without submitting its dispute to arbitration, and agrees that the rights of the nations under the Versailles treaty shall not be prejudiced by the pact. By special treaties with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, France guarantees the German-Polish and German-Czecho arbitration treaties, and these powers bind themselves to come to the aid of each other in case of unprovoked attacks. No less than seven different treaties were formulated and signed at Locarno. They will be in force when ratified by the respective governments, and when Germany becomes a member of the League of Nations.

*Whether your shadow weighs anything* will be ascertained by a new machine constructed by Ralph C. Hartsough of Columbia University, according to a dispatch from New York, Oct. 23. The instrument, which weighs molecules, will be used to test the Einstein theory. That theory holds that light rays have weight and are curved by gravitation: that gravitational attraction has the same speed as light. Under the theory one and a third seconds would be required for the moon's pull to travel 240,000 miles to the earth. If the theory is correct, shadows on the machine are expected to show that the moon exerts its greatest pull one and a third seconds after the moon passes its zenith over any given spot on the earth's surface. If the Einstein theory is wrong the machine is expected to show the greatest pull at the exact instant the moon reaches the zenith.

*Faith healing is to be investigated again.* The archbishop of Canterbury, as reported from London Nov. 10, has appointed a committee of six doctors and six clergymen to investigate the possibilities of faith healing in connection with the regular church services. The committee, which is headed by the bishop of Southwark, is charged with a thorough search into the realm of psychic research—a field in which America has hitherto led the world—American churchmen being almost alone in the orthodox religious world's endeavors to penetrate the mysteries of autosuggestion. Even the highly controversial question of birth control figures in the program to be taken up by this pioneer committee. Other matters will be studied, including modern methods for the prevention of crime, the treating of insane persons, and the consideration of scientific psychology in connection with the so-called miraculous cures effected at revival meetings.

*Patrick H. Lannan*, former publisher of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, died in Los Angeles, Nov. 6, 1925, after a prolonged illness, 85 years old. The deceased was born at Bummakham, South Ireland, March 12, 1839, and came to America with his parents when 8 years of age. Quite young he went to California. In San Francisco he learned the game of politics. From San Francisco he moved to Virginia City, Nev., where he opened a butcher shop and continued to play politics. In the late 70's he came to Salt Lake City, where he at once identified himself with the anti-"Mormon," so-called Liberal

party. With money furnished by wealthy men outside the State he bought a share in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, and became the manager of that sheet, with the late C. C. Goodwin as chief editor. He continued in that position until the fall of 1900, when, tired of the unfortunate policy for which the paper then stood, he sold out to Thomas Kearns and David Keith.

*Mrs. Christiana Dollinger Pyper*, widow of Judge Alexander C. Pyper, passed away in her home in Salt Lake City, Oct. 21, at the age of 91 years. She was born in New York City, May 31, 1834, a daughter of Thomas J. and Eliza Rhodes Dollinger. After her father and mother joined the Church, the family moved to Nauvoo, where they were associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith and other leaders of the Church. Her father died in Nauvoo, and Mrs. Pyper was left with her brother and a sister. She witnessed the burning of the Nauvoo temple and after the death of her mother suffered many trials incident to the troublesome times there. Later she moved to Council Bluffs where she married Mr. Pyper. The couple went to Florence, Neb., where Mr. Pyper conducted a large outfitting establishment. The couple crossed the plains by wagon, arriving here in 1859. Mr. Pyper became financial agent for President Brigham Young, superintendent of Z. C. M. I., then a retail grocery concern. He was police judge for many years and was also bishop of the Twelfth ward. Mrs. Pyper was for many years an active worker in the Relief Society and was president of that organization in Sugar House and also participated in other Church activities. She suffered a stroke last Sunday, Oct. 18, from which she never regained consciousness.

She was the mother of 11 children, four of whom died. Surviving are five sons and two daughters: Robert A. Pyper, Ogden; George D., William D., Walter T., and Geneive A. Pyper, Salt Lake; Mrs. Kate D. Preston, Logan, and Alexander C. Pyper, San Diego, Calif.; also 17 grandchildren and 30 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at 1 p. m. Saturday, Oct. 24, in the Twelfth-Thirteenth ward chapel under the direction of Bishop Heber K. Aldous.

*William A. Needham* passed away, Nov. 9, 1925, at the Dante hospital, San Francisco, after a brief illness, and thus closed the career of one of the prominent business men of Salt Lake City. As a buyer for Z. C. M. I. he left for San Francisco about three weeks ago. He was then enjoying his usual health. Soon afterwards word came that he had taken ill, and his wife, one son and a daughter, left immediately for the coast, and remained with him till the end. Mr. Needham was born in Salt Lake City, October 2, 1858, the son of the late James and Alice (Warburton) Needham. He was educated in the public schools and entered the employ of the Z. C. M. I. Jaunary 1, 1882. He was soon in charge of the silks and dress goods department of the big store and in 1891 was made manager of the entire dry goods department of the institution. In his capacity as buyer he has made more than four-score trips to New York and other large business centers. In 1920 he was promoted to a place on the directorate of the concern, a position that he filled with signal ability by reason of his long experience and understanding of business conditions. To further round out his public service, Mr. Needham was for a considerable period a director (without pay) of Zion's Building Society and likewise chairman of the retail trades committee of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce. At the National Dry Goods association convention, held in New York about a year ago, he was awarded a silver medal for being the second oldest department store buyer in point of service in the United States. He leaves his widow, Elizabeth Brown Needham, the sons Irwin B., and Ray B., the daughters Mame and Hazel R. Needham and Mrs. Ray W. Harris; also seven grandchildren and these brothers and sisters: Thomas B. Needham, Logan: Mrs. E. L. Price, Mrs. B. Fulmer and A. B. Needham, all of Salt Lake.

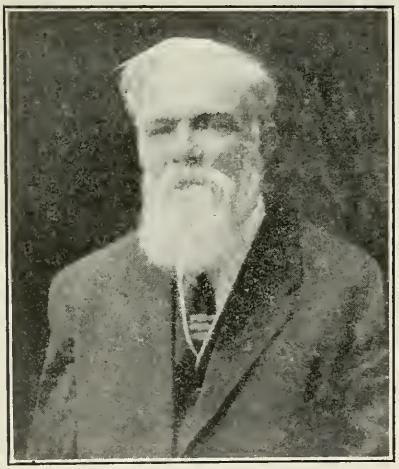
*The Utah Inter-mountain Egg Laying contest* has been conducted at the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, by Byron Alder, Poultryman, be-

ginning November 1, 1924, and covering the full period of fifty-two weeks. There were twenty-four entries with ten pullets each. In a report of the contest, the production of each hen in each entry is given. It is the first Utah Inter-mountain egg laying contest and the result, rank, and owner of the ten laying pens for the contest for the fifty-two weeks, follows:

| *Rank* | *Entry No.* | *Names and addresses of Owners* | *Egg Record* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 16 | James Gage, Novato, California | 2488 |
| 2 | 7 | H. C. Sorenson, Kent, Washington | 2473 |
| 3 | 12 | H. Grant Ivins, Murray, Utah | 2464 |
| 4 | 14 | Henacres, Prosser, Washington | 2450 |
| 5 | 3 | Robert Gardner, Logan, Utah | 2410 |
| 6 | 20 | U. A. C. Experiment Station, Logan, Utah | 2400 |
| 7 | 6 | W. B. Turpin, Murray, Utah | 2310 |
| 8 | 10 | LeRoy Turpin, Murray, Utah | 2307 |
| 9 | 1 | E. M. Knight, Woods Cross, Utah | 2297 |
| 10 | 18 | James Jensen, Franklin, Idaho | 2297 |

The pen of James Gage, Novato, California, finished in first place with a record of 2488 eggs, or an average of 248 8/10 for each pullet.

*Frederick Isaac Jones*, first bishop, Monticello ward, San Juan stake, died, October 18, 1925. Bishop Jones filled a mission to settle in San Juan country in 1882 and has aided in the development of that country ever since. He was called to Monticello in 1886 and appointed its first bishop, serving in that capacity for twenty-two years. He was organizer and manager of the Monticello Co-op for twenty-five years; aided in the survey of the canal for the present water and light system; built the first flour mill and the first saw mill erected in that part of the country. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1851. He married Mary Mackleprang in 1880, and eleven children were born to them, seven of whom, and his wife, survive, also twenty-nine grandchildren. Elder Othello H. Hickman, Monticello, adds to these items, this paragraph: "Bishop Jones truly set a standard for all who come after him to reap the harvest he had sown and to uphold the ideals for which he and his co-laborers gave their lives, hopes and ambitions, to obtain. To us who remain, they have handed the torch of faith. Let us not falter in the great purposes of life."



## Ovid Bridge

A span in the long highway,
It stretches its ribs of steel,
Like brawny sinews playing.

Its task is a mite well done,
For 'tis not great among bridges,
Only one among multitudes.

The creek smiles 'neath its high walls,
And the swift traffic passes overhead,
Secure and eager as the wind.

Thus from dawn till twilight
It functions, as you and I,
A private in the ranks of service.

EZRA J. POULSEN

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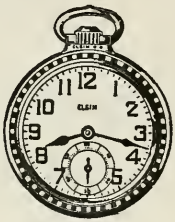

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## Humorous Hints

(Contributions to this column of the *Era* are solicited.)

Two things can cause knocks—envy and carbon.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

When a couple issue invitations to their golden wedding, you will be sure that they have mastered the art of team-work.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

"Where's your toothbrush, private?"
"Here, sir." (Producing scrubbing brush.)
"But you can't get that thing in your mouth."
"No sir, I take my teeth out."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"I don't suppose you keep anything so civilized as dog biscuits in this one-horse, run-down jay-town, do you?" the tourist customer snarled.

"Oh, yes, stranger," the village merchant responded, pleasantly. "Quite a few folks like you come through from the city, and we aim to have everything called for. Have 'em in a bag or eat 'em here?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

A sight-seeing motor bus was gliding through Boston's historic streets. The man with the megaphone was raising the instrument to his lips for another spiel when a pretty girl gave his coat tail a yonk and said impatiently:

"Aw, say, cut out de heavy stuff. You've told us enough about the splendid Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Now can't you show us inside a few of 'em for a change?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Little Ruth, aged six, had been impatiently trying to make the Jitney "honk." Her vehement pressing on the button availed nothing. When Daddy appeared on the scene she cried, "Oh, Daddy, it won't honk any more, your license must have run out."—*Irvin L. Warnock.*


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Getting married is like a duet. You can't do it alone.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

In Bible times, there was a man clothed in righteousness. Some of the girls of today are not even attired in that.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Women in Africa are said to be clamoring for American clothes. Africa has a climate for them.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

* * *

A bee dies when it stings you. Now if it could be crossed with a man who sells stock.—*Beaumont-Enterprise Journal.*

* * *

*Professor*: "Give me a good example of coincidence."
*Student*: "My father and mother were married on the same day."—*Exchange.*


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| 22 | Medium weight cotton bleached | 2.00 |
| 90 | Heavy weight cotton unbleached | 2.25 |
| 24 | Heavy weight cotton bleached | 2.50 |
| 50 | Extra white double bleached, mercerized | 3.00 |
| 10 | Medium weight wool mixture | 3.00 |
| 16 | Heavy weight wool mixture | 4.00 |
| 70 | Snow white silkalene | 3.40 |
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In the good old days, "pay dirt" referred to gold-bearing soil, not to the drama.—*Wilmington Dispatch.*

* * *

The reason some chickens cross the street is to get out of a coupe parked by the side of the road.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

John D. Rockefeller is said to be writing poetry, but we want to warn the other poets that he made his money first.—*Cleveland Times.*

* * *

The increase of autos suggests the propriety of changing the national flower from golden-rod to car-nation.—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * *

An editor received $2 and a cork from a delinquent subscriber. When they met later the editor said:

"I understand about the money, because that was what you owed, but what does the cork mean?"

"Stop'et," was the reply.—*Exchange.*


# THERE IS NO TOP

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